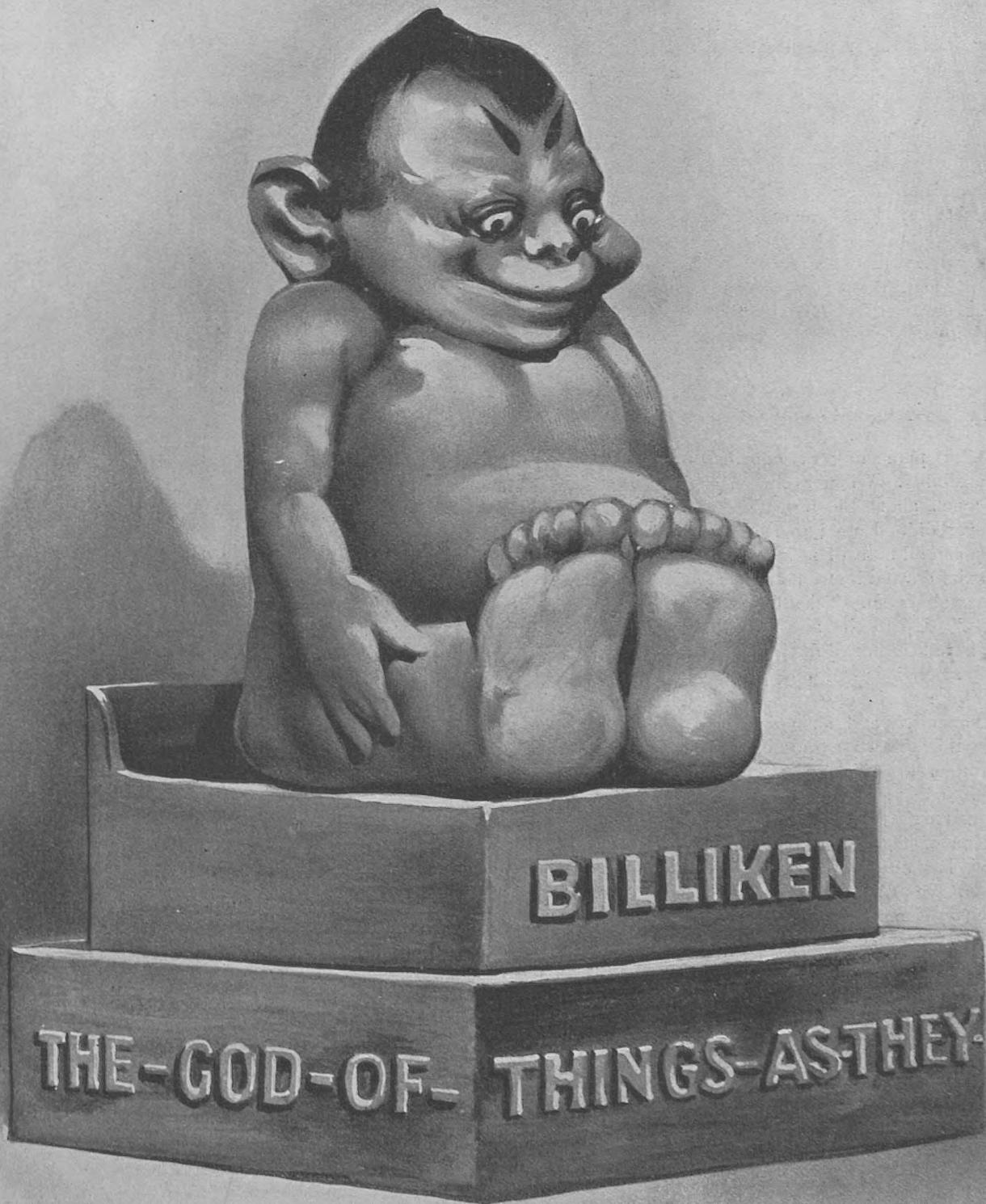


The Sketch

No. 819.—Vol. LXIII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



YOU SIMPLY MUST SMILE: BILLIKEN THE LAUGHTER-MAKER — THE NEW CRAZE.

The god-of-things-as-they-ought-to-be, more familiarly Billiken, was made by a young American art student; and is "It" just now in America. It is said that none can look at the little figure without smiling, and it is to be seen everywhere, in every home, on desks, and seated on the lamps of motor-cars. It has brought its originator quite a fortune.

Reproduced by courtesy of the New York "World."



Philosophy of Clothing.

Much terrible domestic unhappiness might be averted if the average Englishman would consent to be a little more adaptable in the matter of underclothes. By some means or another—probably from copybooks, which are responsible for many erroneous impressions that stay with us all our lives—he gets it into his head in early life that the climate of England is hot in summer, cool in spring and autumn, and cold in winter. His mother, having the same idea, dresses him accordingly. If the heat-wave comes along the very day after she has put him into his winter underclothing she will not let him go back to cooler clothes in case he catches a bad cold. So the boy is peevish, restless, and bitter as long as the heat-wave lasts; when it goes, he naturally catches a severe cold, having no warmer clothes to wear than those he is already wearing. For all that, when he comes to be a man, he persists in the same foolishness. The peevish boy is the father of the nagging man. During these unexpected warm days thousands of long-suffering wives all over the country have been nearly nagged to death by husbands who had nothing whatever to complain about, but were too warmly clothed. These are the little matters that make all the difference in life. The man who has a certain cure for toothache is a finer fellow than the greatest poet who ever drew breath.

Awful Influence of the Copybook.

By the way, I wonder why there is no official Censor of copybooks! The printing and publishing of copybooks is a thing of tremendous responsibility. When a child is writing a copy, it does not think very much about the formation of the letters. At least, I am sure I never did. I used to suck up information from the line and make a careful note of it in my mind. By the time I had written that maxim down nineteen or twenty times, it had become a part of my mental system. Take, for example, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." Up to the age of eight, I used to wonder how anybody could have been found foolish enough to write out, in large letters, anything so obvious. From eight to sixteen, having learned that the maxim bore an inner meaning, I was fully convinced that the way to become rich and famous was to stay in one place all one's life. To this day, so strong is the influence of that lying maxim, I feel rather guilty when I propose to myself to take any important step. The motto, of course, should read, "A rolling stone shakes off moss." Nobody wants to gather moss—except for the decoration of church windows. A bank clerk, not being a church window, has no use for moss. He should be always, if possible, on the move. And he would be, I fancy, were it not for that wicked copybook maxim.

The "Barking Dog" Fallacy.

Another misleading motto that most of us, I suppose, have copied laboriously into our copybooks is this: "Barking dogs seldom bite." The motto is intended, so far as I can understand, to hold up the barking dog to ridicule. Personally, I was never sucked in by that chap. Had I believed it, I should have treated barking dogs in a very contemptuous manner; whereas, to be strictly truthful, the louder the dog barked the more deferential I became, and the more room I gave him for his operations. Thinking the thing over in the light of maturer years, I believe that barking dogs bite just as often as the dogs that do not bark. In fact, all dogs that are alive bark at some time or another, and the dead ones cannot claim any place in this discussion. Turning, now, to the inner meaning of the proverb, of what practical use can it be to any boy to be told that barking dogs seldom bite? It would be far better, in my opinion, to alter this maxim as well, making it read, "Barking dogs need not bite." No dog really wants to bite—at

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

(*"Chicot"*)

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

any rate, not after one experience. Harris tweed tastes horrid in the mouth, and is certainly not worth the inevitable kick or whipping that follows. But the chap who keeps folks at bay with his barking gets no Harris tweed, no kicks, and no whippings. We might have saved many a war if our Ministers had not been brought up on copybooks.

"How to Read the Papers."

in their own houses, to subdue their wives, to remember that they are the stronger sex. Women, it seems, would be awfully glad of some such change. For example: "Men to-day are slack, and women have taken advantage of their weakness to build up their own strength. But in their hearts they neither want to be ruled by their own sex nor by any spurious offshoot of it. Every woman is at heart a barbarian, and, as the heroine of a certain novel remarked, she wants 'a man to tell her not to do things.'" Now, there is something a little sinister, I am afraid, in all this. Why should it be in the *feminine* Press that Man is so often invited to get up and clump his wife over the head? Cheap jokes to the contrary, everybody knows that men do not, as a rule, read women's papers. Such inciting diatribes, therefore, must be meant for women to read, and, since the writers undoubtedly know their business, they must be meant to flatter women. Naturally, any woman who reads that man is slack and that she herself, therefore, is bound to take command, feels justified in waiting up for him with the carpet-broom and giving him a jolly good one. I must get along with my little handbook, "How to Read the Papers."

A Feeble Idea.

The "matinée hat" question is again to the fore, but it will never be settled. Even if some exasperated playgoer went so far as to shoot some creature in a matinée hat who was spoiling his afternoon, the merry little curse would still go on. The woman would be dead, certainly, but the shooter would be hanged, and all the others would tell themselves that such a thing would never occur again. I am tired of making suggestions on this subject, but here is a last one: how would it be to raise the stage to the height of the ordinary pulpit? You never hear complaints about matinée hats in church. As to Art, the milliner surely takes precedence of the actor, the playwright, and even the actress?

Ecstatic Fellows All.

"The makers of literature are those who have seen and felt the miraculous interestingness of the universe. And the greatest makers of literature are those whose vision has been the widest, and whose feeling has been the most intense. Your own fragment of insight was accidental, and perhaps temporary. Their lives are one long ecstasy of denying that the world is a dull place." Thus Mr. Arnold Bennett, in the first of an interesting series of articles in *T. P.'s Weekly* on "Literary Taste: How to Form It." I am vastly relieved to hear that the lives of the mighty literary dead—we may as well leave the living alone, seeing that nobody admits that anybody else knows anything about them—were one long ecstasy. I shall banish from my mind that story of the immortal A—, from which it would appear that his life was one long ecstasy of trying to get a bit on account. I shall forget that other story of the deathless B—, from whose memoirs it would appear that his life was one long ecstasy of raging madly and impotently against malicious reviewers. I shall never again muse upon that painful story of the beloved C—, whose life I had hitherto believed to be one long ecstasy of dodging the plates thrown by his wife, and trying to put her out of action with a shrewd blow from the saucepan. My sincere thanks, Sir!

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THE ACTRESS WHO DID NOT IMITATE MRS. ASTOR.



MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE, WHO SAYS THAT SHE DID NOT SAY WHAT IT WAS SAID SHE SAID.

It was stated the other day that Miss Ethel Barrymore, the famous American society actress, had followed the lead of Mrs. Astor by railing against American society as it now exists. Immediately, Miss Barrymore denied that she had said anything against American society women, and in a telegram to Mr. Frohman said that she had been "cruelly and wrongfully misquoted by the interviewer." In reply, the editor of the paper which published the interview remarked, amongst other things, "we assigned a reliable reporter to obtain the interview, which was arranged in advance. The reporter who signed the article informs us that she read over her notes to Miss Barrymore, who assented to the statements contained in the article. Under the circumstances we must assume that Miss Barrymore is correctly quoted."

Photograph by Byron.

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OCTOBER 10.**EXCLUSIVE ILLUSTRATIONS**

OF

A SACRED RAILWAY TO A HOLY CITY**THE BULGARIAN AFFAIR.****THE HAIDARABAD FLOODS****MR. H. B. IRVING IN "CHARLES I."****THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,**
OCTOBER 10.

THE

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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Oct. 7, 1908.

Signature.....

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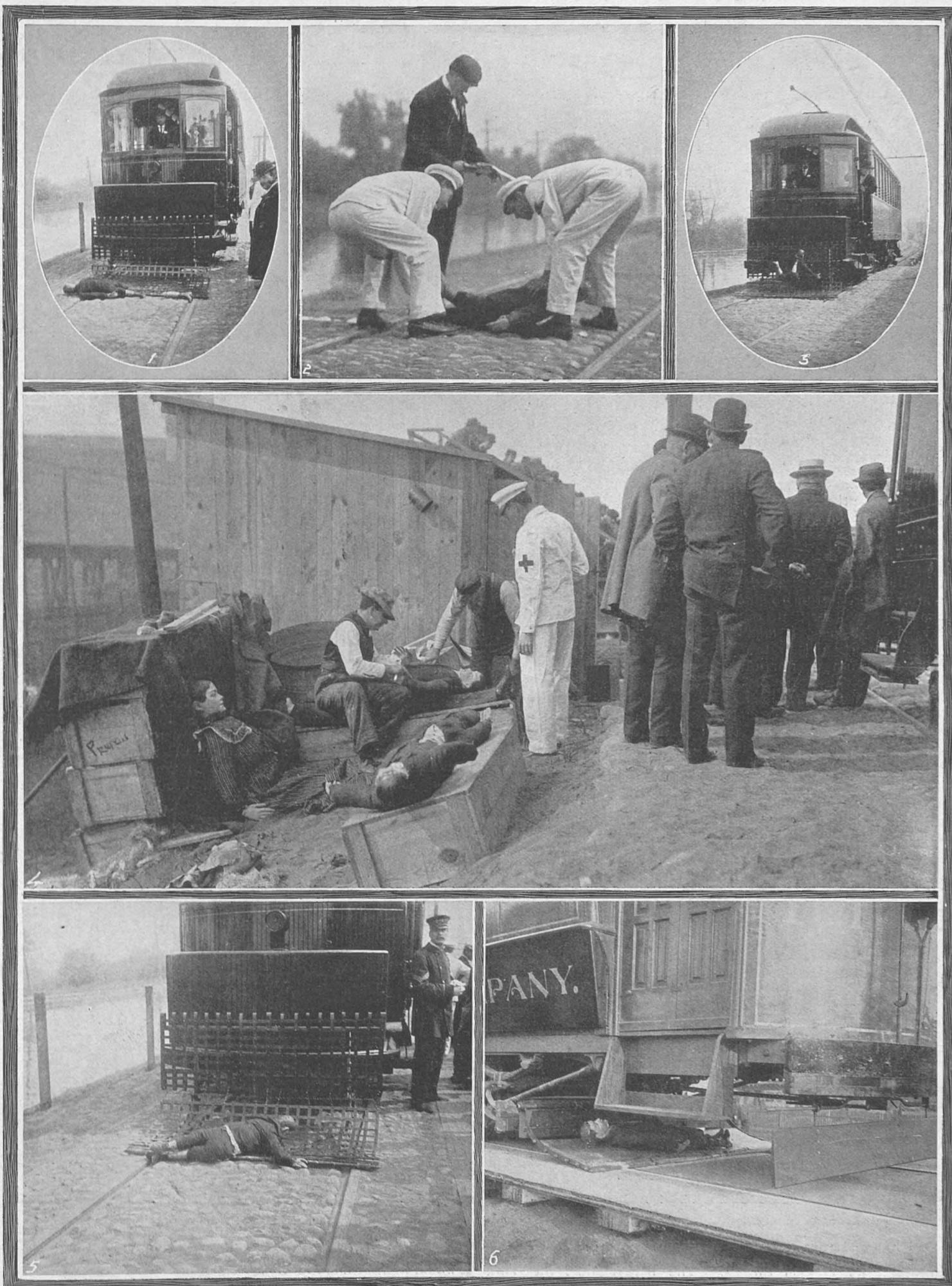
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THE PICK-ME-UP TRAM: COW-CATCHERS FOR CARS.

EXPERIMENTING WITH COW-CATCHERS FOR TRAM-CARS WITH THE AID OF DUMMIES.



1. A DUMMY ON THE LINE, SHOWING HOW PERSONS FALLING ACROSS THE TRACK ARE LIKELY TO BE INJURED UNDER ORDINARY CONDITIONS.

2. READY TO BE RUN OVER: PLACING A DUMMY ON THE TRACK.

3. A COW-CATCHER PICKING UP A FIFTY-POUND DUMMY WHILE THE TRAM IS RUNNING AT SIXTEEN MILES AN HOUR.

4. GETTING READY FOR THE NEXT ACCIDENT: PUTTING A HEAD ON A DECAPITATED DUMMY.

5. A COW-CATCHER PICKING UP A FIFTY-POUND DUMMY.

6. ANOTHER TYPE OF COW-CATCHER PICKING UP A FIFTY-POUND DUMMY.

So many people have lost their lives in America by being run over by tram-cars that experiments are now being made with "fenders" or "cow-catchers" attached to the front of cars. Various tests were carried out the other day with the aid of dummies.—[Photographs by Haiflones.]



THE NEW BULGARIAN GUNS—THE HATRED OF THE TURK—PRINCE FERDINAND AS A RULER—THE TURKISH ARMY.

"WHEN the snow melts on the Balkans" has always been a catch-phrase for the people who write of the trouble that is sure to come, sooner or later, in the Near East. When, a couple of years ago, I was in Bulgaria, what the Bulgarians were saying was: "Wait till our new Creuzot guns are delivered!" The Bulgarians are a race of fighters, and of late years they have always been on the winning side, which has a tremendously encouraging effect. They would have driven the Servians over the border into Hungary if the Dual Monarchy had not cried "Halt!" and they shared Russia's victory over Turkey, and gained semi-independence by that campaign. Their army wants to fight, as does every army in the world; and armies in the Balkan States have a way of making their will bear weight with their Princes. Everybody in the Balkans talks politics. They take with Servians and Bulgarians and Roumanians the place that the weather and the crops hold in our casual conversations, and in Bulgaria when I was there the one great political question seemed to be, "Shall we attack Turkey, or will Turkey attack us?"

That Bulgaria spends more on its army in proportion to its revenue than any other State or country is, I believe, a fact. The sums apportioned to the war-budget form a quarter of the whole, and the people do not, as more civilised nations do, consider this expenditure a guarantee of peace. They look on it as a guarantee of successful war, and to allow an opportunity to pass of attacking the Turk when he is at a disadvantage would seem to the ordinary Bulgarian peasant, who pays the taxes, to be sheer madness. Lives, of course, must be lost in war, but life is very cheap in the Balkans, and no man fears the risk so long as he gets the opportunity

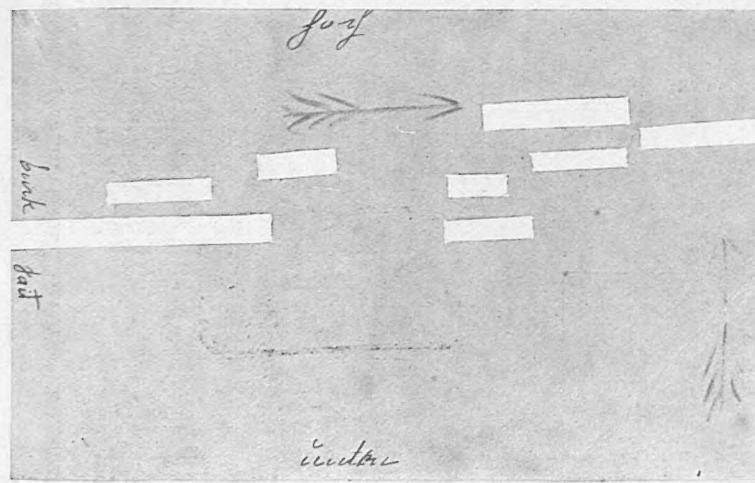
this picture-gallery that there is a fine canvas showing a Bulgarian army returning through the snow. The men have all been captured by the Turks, who have blinded them, leaving only one man in every thousand to lead them back home across the mountains.

Everybody with whom I talked in Bulgaria told me that Prince Ferdinand is a diplomatist, not a soldier, and the Bulgarians said this as though it were a reproach to him. He is not thin, and finds a day spent on horseback fatiguing. I should fancy that his

dreams are more of ruling as Emperor over a State formed of all the Balkan Principalities than of leading his lean troops against the Turkish batteries; but the Danube is a river which has carried into exile many Princes, and if the Bulgarians thought that Ferdinand was lacking in aggressive patriotism, he might find himself very quickly one of the *rois en exil*. "Our Prince is a fat old fox reigning over a kingdom of wolves," was the not very complimentary description one Bulgar gave me of his Sovereign; but the simile was rather apt.

If the European Powers are united enough to say "No" firmly, then Prince Ferdinand can explain to his Generals, "I would have led you against the

Turks with pleasure; but even Bulgaria, with its new guns, cannot fight all Europe." But if some of the big nations say "No" in an undecided tone, and assure the Bulgars of their sympathy, then the new Creuzot guns may go off of their own accord. The Turks, if war is a necessity, will fight just as fiercely as the Bulgars, and if there is war, and it lasts any length of time, numbers would be on the side of the Mohammedans; but the Bulgarian Army is well equipped, well organised, and well disciplined, whereas the Turks



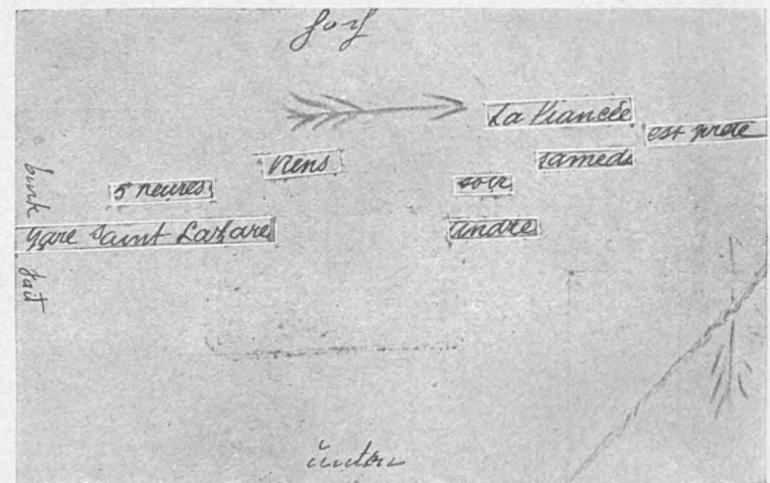
THE PIERCED MASK THAT IS APPLIED TO THE POSTCARD BY BOTH SENDER AND RECEIVER.

A POSTCARD WITH A DOUBLE MEANING: MASKED WRITING THAT MAY MEAN MUCH.

The method is very simple. In the possession of each correspondent is a card of the size of the postcard, in which there are a number of slits. The sender of the message places the mask over the card, and then writes his message through the holes in the mask. He then removes the mask, and fills the postcard with writing, so arranging matters, of course, that the words of the short message form part of the longer message. On the receipt of the card, the person to whom it has been sent applies a duplicate mask, and is so able to read the message.

of cutting some Turkish throats. The hate against the Turk gets plenty of stoking. In the picture-gallery of the museum at Sofia the most noticeable pictures are of massacres of Bulgarians by Turks, and of cruelties practised by the Turkish conquerors.

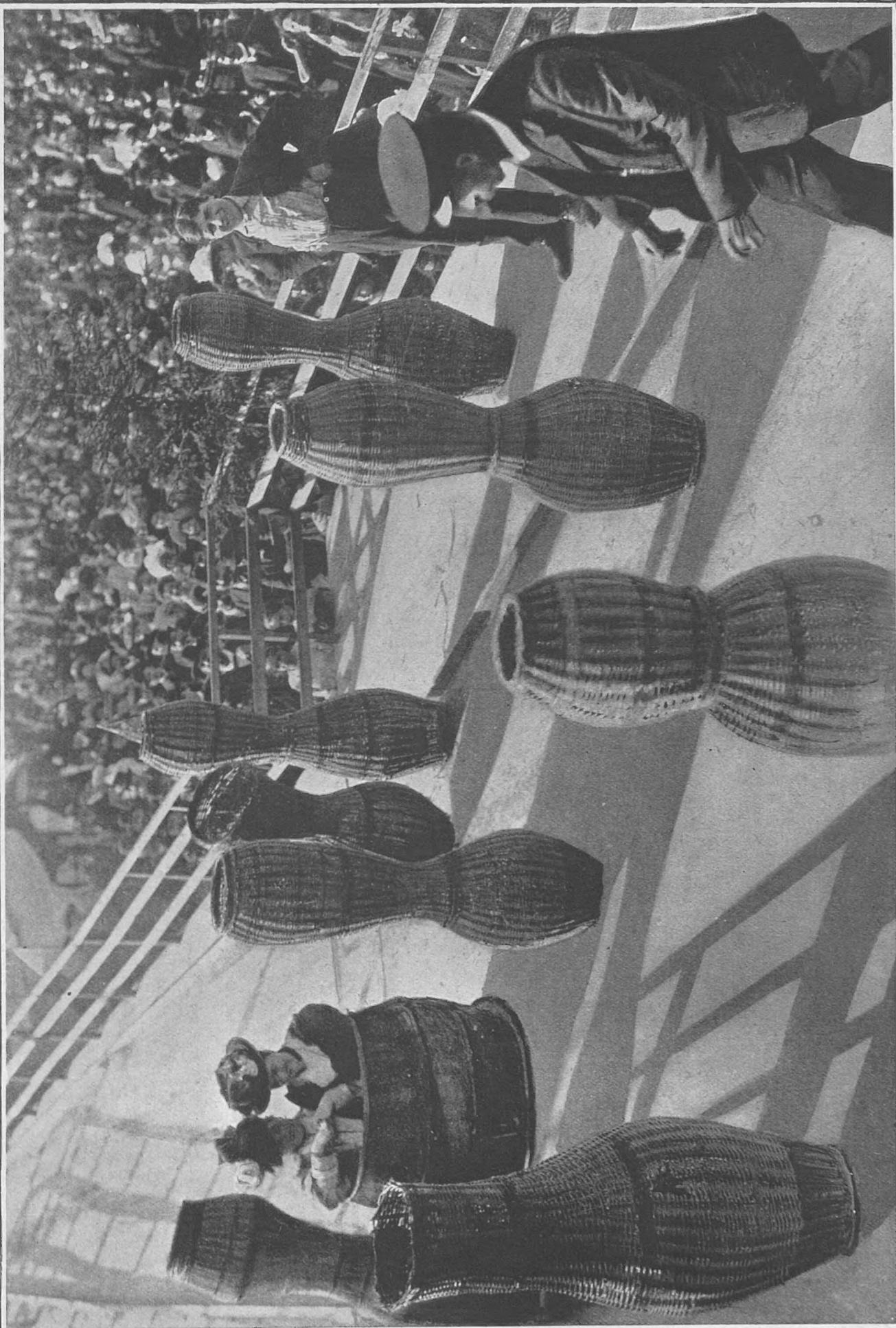
There is one picture which no Bulgarian could look at without grinding his teeth. It represents the Bashi-Bazouks and their women gloating over a night's work. The Bulgarian village is in flames, and the villagers—men, women, and children—hacked to death by swords, lie in heaps in the foreground. It is, I think, in



THE REAL MESSAGE OF THE CARD, AS READ THROUGH THE HOLES IN THE MASK.

would fight with old-fashioned arms, and would be hampered by lack of ammunition and transport. Also, the Bulgarian regimental officers are more efficient than those of the Turkish Army. This is the period of the manoeuvres in all the Balkan States, and if ball cartridge is served out instead of blank the advance guard of Bulgaria is ready to take the field. The Turks are mobilising; the Roumanians are mobilising; Austria is strengthening her frontier guards; poor hungry Servia is on the look-out to seize something. The match is smouldering in the magazine; perhaps before these lines are in print it may have touched powder.

"LIVING SKITTLES" IN THE CITY OF LAGER BEER.



A LIVING SKITTLE-BALL KNOCKING DOWN THE NINEPINS : THE LATEST AMUSEMENT IN MUNICH.

The photograph so far explains itself that there is very little need for us to say much about it. It may be pointed out, however, that those participating in the amusement are seated in baskets, which are sent down a slide until they meet the wicker pins and knock them down.—[Photograph by Topical.]



MAJOR TAGART,
D.S.O., WHO WAS
MARRIED TO MISS JOSEPHINE
HIPPERT LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Bullingham.

patches. He is well known in sporting circles as a fine polo-player and a good shot.

A Musical Countess. Lady Malmesbury, who was to play the violin last Sunday at Holdenhurst Church, is a genuine enthusiast in the art of St. Cecilia, therein resembling Lord Shaftesbury, Lady Kinnoull, and Lord Revelstoke. Lady Malmesbury is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Calthorpe, and her elder sister is Lady Bristol. Of Holdenhurst Church she must have particularly pleasant memories, for there her little son, the important Viscount FitzHarris, was christened last January, the

Major Tagart, D.S.O. who was married last week to Miss Josephine Hippert, is one of the most distinguished of our officers. The Major, who through his first wife is a brother-in-law of Lord Albemarle, is an old Etonian, as well as a son of Trinity, Cambridge. He entered the 15th Hussars eighteen years ago, and has remained faithful to that famous regiment. In South Africa he did well, being mentioned in des-

patches. He is well known in sporting circles as a fine polo-player and a good shot.

he has acquired an excellent practice on the Northern Circuit. Some ten years ago he married Lord Borthwick's youngest daughter, and Mrs. Dowdall will certainly make a most charming Lady Mayoress.

A Militant Bishop. The Bishop of Manchester,

under whose presidency the Church Congress has been meeting this year, is famous for his industry and his militant spirit.

Metaphorically speaking, he took off the gloves to fight Mr. Birrell's Education Bill, and although he will never see sixty again, he puts to shame many a younger man. He once told his clergy that the absolute minimum for a working day was nine-and-a-half hours, and he added to the list other duties, occupying five-and-a-half hours, as being desirable. Certainly Bishop Knox practises what he preaches. He invented preaching on the sands at Blackpool, and the shrewd Lancashire folk have discovered to their astonishment that he does not repeat himself in his sermons and addresses, as do certain other Bishops.



MRS.
TAGART,
WHOSE
WEDDING TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Bullingham.



AUTHOR OF "UNFOREGONE CONCLUSIONS":
LADY HOME GORDON.

Lady Home Gordon hails from the Emerald Isle. The daughter of Mr. Richard Leeson Marshall, of County Kerry, she married Sir Home Gordon some ten years ago, and it is doubtless the example of her husband, in part at least, which has fired her literary ambition. He is a versatile man, who, in addition to controlling various electrical enterprises, finds time to do much writing of various sorts.

Photograph by Ellen Macnaghten.

German Emperor, represented by the German Ambassador, being one of the sponsors. The Kaiser gave his godson a regal gift—namely, a solid gold cup, the stem of which is formed by a beautifully modelled Prussian eagle, while the bowl bears a portrait of his Majesty. The cup is also enriched with elaborate embossed work and beautiful precious stones.

Liverpool's New Lord Mayor. Mr. H. C. Dowdall, who is to be Liverpool's new Lord Mayor, is a remarkable man, both physically and mentally. He is very tall and big, and noticeably good-looking, with a fine presence. From Rugby and Oxford he proceeded to the Bar, and although he is still quite young



THE COUNTESS WHO PLAYED IN HOLDENHURST CHURCH:
LADY MALMESBURY.

Photograph by Speaight.



THE ONLY WOMAN MINISTER IN THIS COUNTRY: MISS GERTRUDE VON PETZOLD.

Miss von Petzold, Minister of the Free Christian Church, Leicester, is about to leave this country, in which her position was unique, to take up work in America. She is the daughter of an officer of the German army, and studied at St. Andrews and at Edinburgh, where she took her M.A. In order to prepare herself for the ministry, she went to Oxford and there took a course of theology.

Photograph H. T. Burrell.

The Girl Chemist's Triumph. One need not be a Suffragist to rejoice in the victory won by Miss Gertrude Holland Wren. This plucky young London girl has carried off the great prize offered by the Pharmaceutical Society. The Pereira Medal was first struck close on fifty years ago, but this is the first time a lady has won it, and it is pleasant to put on record the enthusiasm with which the men students greeted the news of the award. Miss Wren will, of course, soon take her place in the small but highly disciplined army of "medical women," of whom the oldest in age and standing—that is, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell—has already celebrated her jubilee as physician.

"BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT," AT THE NEW THEATRE.



SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM, WHO IS PLAYING "LEAD" IN MR. ROY HORNIMAN'S SOCIAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

FROM THE DRAWING BY GILBERT HOLIDAY.



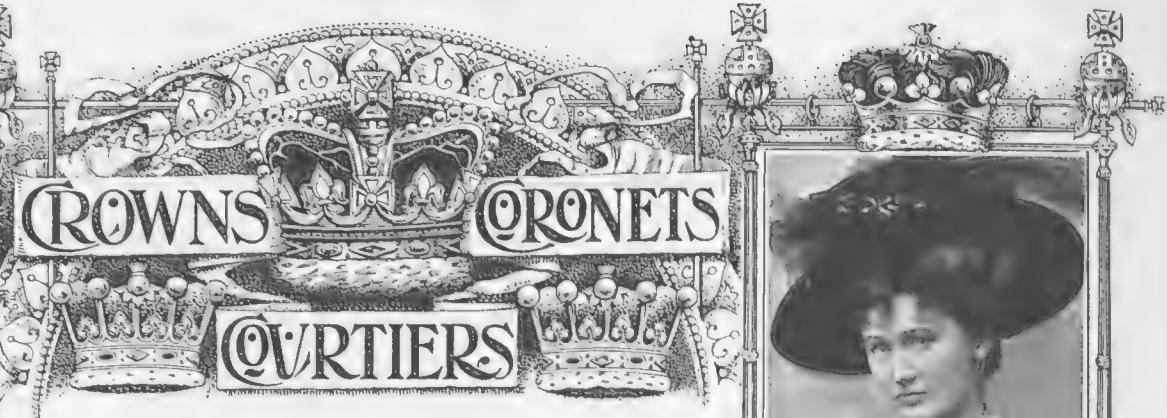
A NOTABLE SPORTSWOMAN : THE HON.
MRS. LIONEL SEMPILL.
Photograph by Swaine.

great a part in the scheme; his Majesty is about to give new colours to the Norfolk Territorials; and now he has issued a Royal Warrant creating a new decoration for the officers of the Territorial Force. This will consist of an oval-shaped oak-wreath of silver, tied with gold, and having in the centre the royal cipher and crown in gold. It is to be worn on the left breast, suspended from a silver oak bar brooch by a green riband, one-and-a-half inches in width, with a yellow stripe down the centre. It will be seen that it is not unlike the Volunteer Officers' Decoration which was established by Queen Victoria in 1892; the principal difference, indeed, is the yellow stripe down the centre.

A Notable Sportswoman. The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Sempill, who has been entertaining guests for shooting in Scotland, belongs to the comparatively small group of ladies who do not "go out with the guns" just to look on and have lunch, but who take a real part in the sport. The eldest daughter of Mr. Walter Spencer, of Codicote Lodge, Welwyn, she married the Hon. Arthur Lionel Sempill, who was then in the Navy, some five years ago.

Two Beautiful Brides-Elect. Two of the most beautiful girls in Society have just become engaged. Lady Violet Elliot, who is the youngest of Lord Minto's three daughters, is to marry Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, the second son of Lord and Lady Lansdowne. Miss Cicely Horner, whose loveliness belongs to the picturesque order, is engaged to the most sporting of Lord Durham's many brothers, Mr. George Lambton, who is one of the few men of his rank who have taken up the difficult profession of trainer. He has charming quarters at Newmarket, and many successful owners have confided their horses to him. Miss Horner is divinely tall, and she impersonated Aurora at the Durbar Fancy Ball, in the Goddesses' Quadrille. She paints well, and exhibited a delightful portrait of her friend, Lady Lytton, at the New Gallery two years ago; and her mother is a well-known political hostess.

Miss Ridgeway's Engagement. Sir West Ridgeway's daughter, who bears the pretty names of Violet Aline, has just become engaged to



THE KING has given evidence on every possible occasion of the keen interest he takes in Mr. Haldane's Territorial Force and of his anxiety for its success. It will be remembered that he entertained at Buckingham Palace the Lord's Lieutenant, who are to play so

Mr. Edward Tollemache, of the Coldstream Guards, eldest son of the late Hon. Hamilton Tollemache, and grandson of the first Lord Tollemache. Miss Ridgeway's mother, to whom she was tenderly attached, died only last year. She has, of course, had more experience of Society



TO MARRY LADY VIOLET ELLIOT,
LORD CHARLES FITZMAURICE.
Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY LORD CHARLES FITZMAURICE : LADY VIOLET ELLIOT.
Photograph by Alice Hughes.



ENGAGED TO MR. EDWARD TOLLEMACHE,
MISS VIOLET ALINE RIDGEWAY.
Photograph by Thomson.

in varied places than falls to the lot of most girls. Perhaps her earliest recollections are of the Lodge in Phoenix Park, which was her home when her father was Under-Secretary for Ireland; while in later years she accompanied him to islands so different as the little Man Island and Ceylon. The wedding is to be in February, and it is hoped that the bride's episcopal uncles, their Lordships of Chichester and Kensington, will be able to officiate.

An English Queen for Portugal? It is widely rumoured on the Continent that King Manuel intends to follow his friend the King of Spain's example in the matter of his Queen. The choice of a British Princess would certainly gratify the Queen-Mother, who was partly educated in our country, and who has hosts of English friends. There is at the present moment but one maiden Princess of a suitable age for Portugal's youthful Sovereign. This, of course, is Princess Patricia of Connaught. Her Royal Highness is, however, believed to be devoted to her own country. King Manuel's bride will also be expected to be, or to become, a Roman Catholic. There are curiously few Princesses in the coming generation. Princess Mary of Wales and Princess Victoria Louise of Germany are both only daughters, but both at the Russian and Italian Courts there are little royal maidens to redress the balance.

The Great Queen's Biographer? The publication in a cheap form of Queen Victoria's Letters again brings to the front the question of our late Sovereign's official biography. But for his great age—he is the most vigorous of nonagenarians—Sir Theodore Martin would be the only man indicated, and that by universal acclaim. The task will be of a stupendous nature, and will take—who can doubt it?—the best years of a man's life. It has been suggested that Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, in conjunction with some already proved biographer, would be an excellent choice. Her Royal Highness lived in closest touch with her royal mother from childhood till middle age, and she edited her sister, the late Princess Alice's, letters with sympathy and taste, while showing no desire to suppress the intimate touches which are so often absent from official biographies.

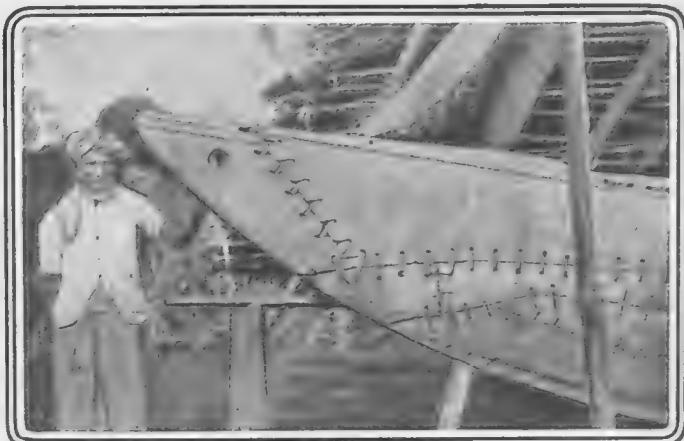


OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



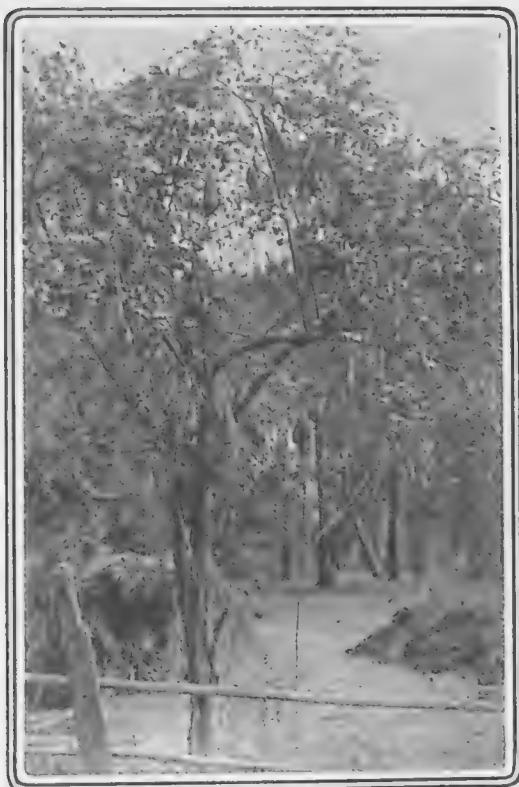
A PADDLE-BOAT WITHOUT STEAM: A VESSEL WITH A STERN-WHEEL WORKED BY MEN.

Obviously, the old galley-slave has his rivals to-day, although those rivals are free men and work voluntarily. In proof of this, we give a photograph of a sight that is comparatively common on the Canton River—a photograph of a stern-wheel paddle-boat which is propelled by human labour.



A NEEDLE CRAFT! A BOAT THAT IS SEWN TOGETHER WITH ROPE THREAD.

The method of boat-building illustrated obtains on the West Coast of India, and even boats of fifty or sixty tons are made in this way. The thread used is strong rope, which shows in a criss-cross pattern in the interior of the boat. The holes are, of course, well caulked, and the craft seldom leaks.



THE BATH LOOFAH GROWING.

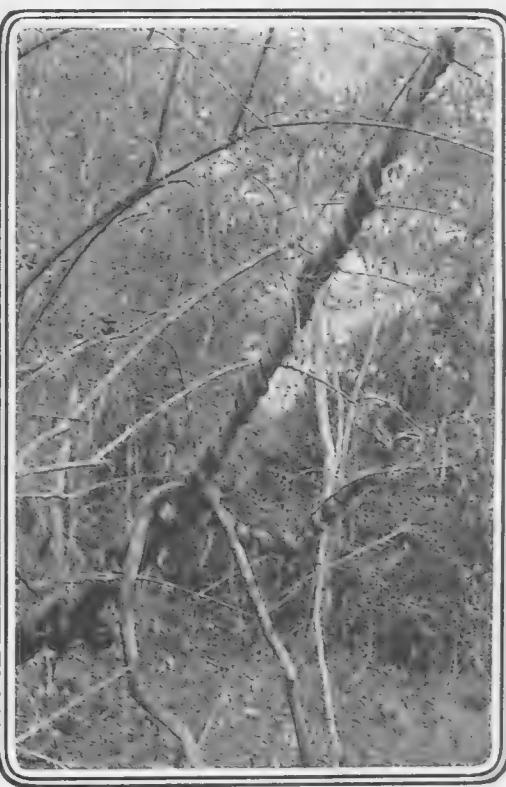
The common bath loofah grows on a species of vine which climbs low trees. The picture shows one of these vines with the loofah ripe. Squirrels are very fond of the seeds, and spoil many a plant for use.

Photograph by Hart.



A TREE THAT IS A CANNIBAL.

In the photograph a peepul-tree can be seen choking and devouring a palm, its favourite prey. The creeper grows through trees in a very remarkable manner.—[Photograph by Hart.]



A NATURAL SHIP'S CABLE.

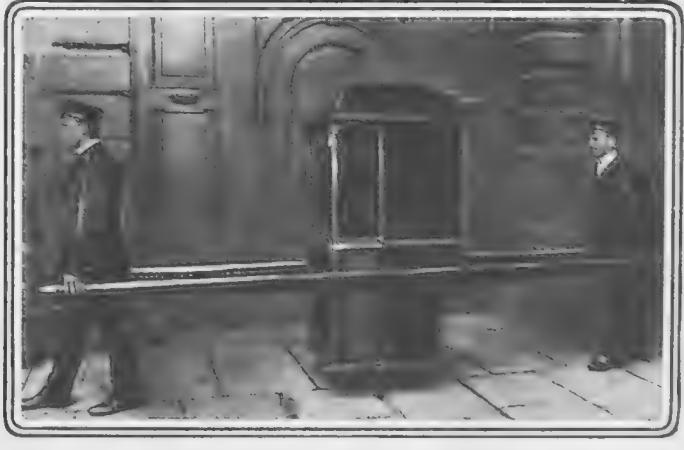
The cable creeper shown is nearly as thick as a man's body, and is as strong as a ship's cable. It frequently grows to the length of 100 feet. Monkeys find it exceptionally valuable as a ladder.

Photograph by Hart.



TINY CHARMERS OF SEVEN-FEET COBRAS.

The little Burmese boys are playing with seven-feet cobras. The owner of the show offers to forfeit £2 to anyone who will handle these snakes. In the background of the photograph is King Theebaw's class-room.



A SEDAN-CHAIR THAT IS IN USE TO-DAY.

Dresden still favours the sedan-chair, and members of the Guild of Sedan Carriers ply their trade regularly at the time of Court balls and Levées, and at the height of the theatre-going season.—[Photograph by Fuchs.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E.F.S. (Monocle).

THE WITHDRAWAL OF "PAID IN FULL."

THE chief subject of discussion lately has been the withdrawal of "Paid in Full" after twenty performances or so at the Aldwych Theatre. The critics spoke favourably of the piece, but the public "did not come in." Everybody is asking why the public stayed out. Mr. G. R. Sims has written a letter to

the *Daily Mail* to explain the mystery: his explanation is very simple. He says, "All sacrifices, to be successful from the stage point of view, should be made for a worthy object. Such a pitiful fellow as the husband in 'Paid in Full' is not the kind of man for whom any woman could, with the sympathy of an English audience, risk the sacrifice of her honour." This is rather a staggering view of the British public, since it seems to suggest that no play can succeed unless it has a sympathetic hero and heroine, a proposition which puts a good many plays—*"Macbeth,"* for instance—out of court. It also shows that

Mr. Sims agrees with the taste of the English public expressed by "Handsome Jack" in the *Nineteenth Century*. If the reading public were such as these gentlemen deem the playgoing public to be, a large number of our greatest novels would have fallen flat. In my opinion Mr. Sims' explanation is unsatisfactory. The cause and the failure must be sought elsewhere. The subject was all right; it is old, interesting, and dramatic. The earliest treatment that I know is in the apocryphal story of Judith and Holofernes, the funniest in De Maupassant's first published tale, the irresistible "*Boule de Suif*." If adaptation were ever permissible and possible, what a treat there would be for the wicked if that inimitable story were put upon the stage; and what a perfect *Boule de Suif* we should have in Miss Marie Tempest. The noblest treatment was in "*Monna Vanna*," which that absurd person, the Censor, suppressed, to the horror of the civilised world and the joy of the British matron. Mr. Sims, it appears, dealt with it in a play which he adapted from the French, and called "*A Wife's Ordeal*." According to him, his play failed on account of the subject; it is conceivable that he is not a sound judge on this topic, and that the treatment may have been responsible for the disaster.

UNDERSTUDY TO MISS LILY ELSIE IN "THE MERRY WIDOW": MISS GERTRUDE GLYN.

Miss Glyn not only understudies Miss Elsie in "The Merry Widow," but plays the part of Sylvaine.

Photograph by Bassano.



of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, would have been triumphant had it not been withdrawn too soon. Sometimes plays "catch on" at once, often they die without ever having been sickly.

There are other matters connected with "Paid in Full." It required a very powerful actress for the third act, in which the young wife goes, at the risk of her honour, to beard the licentious old sea-dog, Captain Williams, in his den, late at night. Miss Hilda Antony is without doubt a young lady of personal charm and intelligence; it is, however, far from surprising that she failed to do justice to this, the great scene of the play. The critics, recognising the sincerity of her efforts, spoke kindly about her work; and, indeed, they, the experts, were so far affected by the dramatic possibilities of the scene as to be far more thrilled than the simple public, which only sees what it sees. It was not merely that her performance had not its due force, but its lack of power affected the work of Mr. Louis Calvert. His Captain Williams was a strong, vivid piece of acting, but he was rather like the wrestler, the boxer, the fencer with a weak antagonist—he could not exhibit his full capacity; one cannot pull hard against a feather.

It is well established that the player is never at his or her best unless worthily opposed—that is to say, supported. Another element of explanation exists: the play, in flavour, is, locally speaking, strong American; some of the characters used vivid American phrases rather timidly. Not a few of these phrases were almost unintelligible to us; the audience could guess the drift without seeing the point in the figures of speech. Worse than that, they were uttered by English players, who entirely failed to Americanise themselves. Certainly the acting of Mr. Loraine, perhaps the most promising of our younger actors, and the performance of Mr. Louis Calvert were very fine. Mr. Paul Arthur was at his best as Jimsey Smith, but there was a curious unreality about the presentation as a whole, because the characters were using language radically foreign to their style of speech. It remains for me to add that the play really has a substantial amount of merit, although many of the speeches of Smith are over-laboured. I certainly believe that under other circumstances it would have been quite successful.



"THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK":
MISS ALICE CRAWFORD AS VIVIAN AT THE
ST. JAMES'S.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

WORTH MORE THAN TWO CABINET MINISTERS!



MR. HARRY LAUDER, THE FAMOUS SCOTTISH COMEDIAN AND "WATER-RAT," WHO EARNS THE INCOME OF AT LEAST TWO CABINET MINISTERS.

Mr. Lauder has just sailed for America, where he is to appear for the second time at a salary that is said to be higher than any before paid to a single music-hall artist. Mr. Lauder's rise has been almost as rapid as it has been well deserved, and at a meeting of "stars" the other day he recalled the time when he had to pay his travelling expenses, keep a wife and family, and pay his agent his percentage out of £3 a week. Only a few days ago Mr. Harry Lauder joined the great music-hall society, the Water-Rats, the inclusion of whose anthem in a scene in "The Marriages of Mayfair," it will be remembered, caused some controversy between the "Rats" and Mr. Arthur Collins.—[Photographs by Haines.]



BY ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Slow, but Not Sure.

The daring coup by which several branches of a London bank were victimised must have made the men who keep our balances realise that there is, after all, some virtue in the telephone. One conversation over the wire between two district managers might have saved the bank at least a few pounds a minute. For years the Home Office disdained the telephone. It woke up one afternoon when Mr. Childers, the Home Secretary, received a telegram at the Home Office, from his London home, saying: "Our windows have escaped, but those of our neighbours have suffered." Thinking that there had been an explosion, he sought information of Scotland Yard, which had to be reached by telegraph. There had been an explosion, but not of the sort imagined. A mob had swept through the West End, wrecking houses and shops, and doing damage to the extent of £50,000. All the time a force of police had been standing easy in front of Buckingham Palace, knowing nothing of what was taking place a few streets away. The upshot was the resignation of the Chief Commissioner of Police, and the refusal of the post by Sir Redvers Buller and Lord Charles Beresford.

'Ware Stoats.

That little dust-up with a stoat at Wellington the other day should serve as a reminder that this wicked little animal is, like poison, better left alone. Generally speaking, a single member of the species is not to be feared, but when there are more, then it is, as the maker of the ungrammatical tag has it—"One's none, two's some; three's a little hundred." Calculated on this basis, an unfortunate gentleman at Cricklade some years ago had thousands of them to face. He saw a couple of stoats on a roadside, and, pitching a stone at one of them, bowled it over. The second stoat uttered a curious cry, and from the undergrowth around stoats swarmed out and made for the man, climbing up his clothes and making for his throat with extraordinary ferocity. Luckily, he had on a thick scarf, and knowing the instinct of the beasts, he wound this tightly about his neck, and put out for home. Many stoats were shaken off as he ran; but when he panted into his stables there remained five clinging to him after his three miles' retreat. He was horribly bitten about the face and neck, but the scarf had protected the important blood-vessels and saved his life.

Illustrious Fags. The school hamper, over which one of the papers is excited, is not a new idea, nor is the schoolboy's appetite a fresh development. Appetites are as old as schoolboys, and the school hamper is little younger. Hence, it is not surprising that, years ago, boys had hampers to share and the disappearance of their contents to bemoan. School fare never was sufficient, no matter how really bountiful; schoolboys and chickens can always eat. One fine morning in a year far past, three boys might have been seen whirling along down the High Street at Eton, intent on foraging. The first carried a dish of eggs and bacon for the breakfast of a lawyer's son. The bearer was the Marquess of Waterford's father. The second boy checked his career to borrow fourpence with which to buy bloaters for his fag-master, the borrower being the late Duke of Marlborough. Only the third boy lacked comestibles. He is

the present Lord Rosebery, and was coursing along with the breeches of a country parson's son under his arm.

The Two "Legends."

The forthcoming revival of "Iolanthe" may recall to lovers of Sullivan's music one of his few unsuccessful first productions. It was that of "The Golden Legend," and did not mark the first appearance of the work anywhere, but only in Germany. It was to be given in the Royal Opera House, Berlin, before the future Emperor and Empress Frederick, and everybody who was anybody in the Prussian capital.

At the production everything went wrong. The first soprano was a light soubrette from the opera, and could not sing a note correctly. The chorus was infamous; the organ would not play, and for the bells, Chinese gongs had to be substituted. There never was a more utter failure. Sullivan could not accept the inevitable verdict. Mme. Albani was in Holland. He telegraphed to her for assistance. She complied, and they gave the piece again, with her in the bill, on the following Saturday. The first production would for ever have damned Sullivan in Germany; the second made him famous with his generation.

The Reason Why.

It would be interesting to know how many languages the members of the Polyglot Club commanded among them at their meeting this week. A Jeremiah Curtin or two would swell the average. He was good for seventy languages. That is enough to get a man round most parts of the world, but it was an insignificant equipment compared with that of Sir John Bowring. He could speak a hundred tongues, and

"WOULD YOU TELL ME THE TIME, PLEASE?"
THE WATCHES OF WOMAN—SOME TYPES OF THE
ORNAMENTAL TIMEPIECES THAT ARE NOW POPULAR.

Photograph by L. E. A.

could read two hundred! It is curious that some of the men whom one would expect to be among the most expert of linguists have not the gift of tongues. Max O'Rell was such a man. They asked him, when he was teaching at St. Paul's School, to name his fees for a series of lectures upon French and German. For French, he said, his fee would be such-and-such a figure; for German ten times as much. "Why the difference?" they naturally inquired. "Oh, I should have to learn German," he cheerfully answered.



Pillars of the Playhouse.

Studies of Worshippers at the Shrine of Thespis.



V.—THE MISS ——ITES.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IN his Memoirs, Sir John Hare tells of an interesting incident that occurred when Mr. Forbes Robertson, who has made so conspicuous a success with his production of "The Passing of the Third-Floor Back," was playing George D'Alroy, in "Caste." At the end of the play, D'Alroy, turning to Captain Hawtree, has to quote Tennyson's favourite couplet—

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

On the occasion in question, Mr. Forbes Robertson made an all-important change in the last word, for he said—

Kind hearts are more than coronets.
And simple faith than Norman Forbes.

As every theatre-goer is aware, Norman Forbes is the name one of Mr. Forbes Robertson's younger brothers has adopted for stage purposes. What happened at the alteration was eminently typical of the attitude of the actors and audience on such an occasion. The actor who was playing Hawtree was overwhelmed, and was so upset with laughter that it was impossible for him to speak. The audience, on the other hand, which always receives that line with a round of applause, did not notice the mistake, and applauded as if it were the real thing. Perhaps that evening they applauded even more fervently, for Mr. Forbes Robertson spoke the lines with even more force than usual. What added additional humour to the situation was the fact that Mr. Norman Forbes himself was sitting in the stalls.

There are times, however, when audiences do note a change in the text, even though the words, so far from being a proverb with them, are absolutely unknown.

An instance of this happened when Mr. Forbes Robertson was playing in that other great success of his management, "Mice and Men." Introducing Peggy, who was played by Miss Gertrude Elliott, to his housekeeper in the play, he had to say—"Mistress Deborah, this is my ward." One night, however, a short time after he and Miss Elliott had been married, he said, when he came to the scene—"Mistress Deborah, this is my wife." On that occasion the laughter extended from the stage to the audience.

Miss Gertrude Elliott, who, as the Cockney lodging-house servant in "The Passing of the Third-Floor Back," shares in Mr. Forbes Robertson's success, and that in a part quite unlike any in which she has previously been seen, is gifted with a remarkable memory. It is so retentive that she invariably knows all the other parts as well as her own in the scenes in which she is concerned. Occasionally this leads to humorous results. Not long ago, for instance, when she was playing in Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra," there was a scene between Cæsar, Cleopatra, and her brother Ptolemy. In this, the boy having said: "It is not the lion I fear" (meaning Cæsar), "but the jackal" (Rufio, Cæsar's lieutenant), Cæsar replies: "Brave boy!" and Cleopatra calls after Ptolemy: "Little silly! you think that very clever!" One night, after Master Philip Tonge, who was playing the boy, had finished his speech, there was the

suspicion of a pause as Mr. Forbes Robertson waited before speaking. Miss Elliott, however, not realising this, and knowing the words "Brave boy!" ought to be spoken, spoke them herself; and then, noticing what she had done, went on with her own lines.

The possession of this valuable gift she demonstrated on the very first night she played on the professional stage. The piece was "A Woman of No Importance," and her sister, Miss Maxine Elliott, was acting Mrs. Allenby, one of the leading parts. In the middle of the big scene in which all the women are concerned, Miss Maxine Elliott's memory suddenly deserted her. She stood for a moment in the centre of the stage and looked around, evidently expecting one of the others to speak. At that moment Miss Gertrude Elliott, under her breath, spoke the missing line, which the prompter ought to have given, and Miss Maxine Elliott, realising that it was hers, took it up and was able to continue the act without further mishap.

How little the public is aware of the serious discomfort, and occasionally the danger, those who minister to its entertainment are sometimes compelled to undergo in travelling to their engagements is vividly exemplified by a recent experience of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, who have just produced Mr. Herbert Swears' new play, "The Whirlpool." With the members of their company, they left Liverpool for the Isle of Man in the teeth of the gale which wrought so much havoc to the shipping around the coast. The passengers were prepared for "a very dirty passage indeed," and expected to be rather late in arriving, owing to the roughness of the sea. When the steamer *Prince of Wales*, on which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were travelling, was about an hour's run from Douglas, she fell in with another steamer of the same line, the *Queen Victoria*, which had only left the harbour an hour when a heavy sea struck and disabled her, and she had been unable to make any headway. She had on board a large number of passengers, who sent up a ringing cheer as they saw the other boat approach, and knew they would be rescued from an anxious, if not perilous, situation. The *Prince of Wales* took the *Queen Victoria* in tow, and the seasick passengers realised they had to reconcile themselves to two or three hours' more suffering. Unfortunately, they were not to be let off so easily. The strain caused the tow-ropes to part, and the *Queen Victoria* was left once more at the mercy of the angry sea. Back, however, the *Prince of Wales* went to her assistance, and again took her in tow, to the great relief of her passengers. The slow progress to which the *Prince of Wales* was reduced intensified the discomfort of the passengers, who had an exceedingly bad time of it, and Douglas Harbour was not reached until ten o'clock at night, nearly five hours late. Mrs. Kendal suffered exceedingly on the passage, but, in spite of her very severe illness, she was able to appear on the Monday evening, to delight the large audience which the announcement of her appearance never fails to draw, and to act as only she can.



"THE SWAY-BOAT," AT THE KINGSWAY, MASTER PHILIP TONGE, WHO IS APPEARING IN MR. WILFRED T. COLEBY'S NEW PLAY, IN WHICH MISS LENA ASHWELL MAKES HER REAPPEARANCE IN LONDON.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.



SON OF MR. AND MRS. CYRIL MAUDE: MASTER JOHN CYRIL MAUDE.
From the Painting by Charles Buchel.

TICK TACTICS!



MR. JONES (*"typing"* rapidly): An' I shall be most pleased comma to dine with you again t-o- double m-orrow comma.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

ALL his countrymen, and all the authors most of all, are saying "Thank you" at this moment to Mr. Henniker Heaton.

The American reader (heaven bless her!) reads enthusiastically, and writes enthusiastically for the author's autograph, which pleases him mightily, and gives him the additional pleasure of a pretence-grumble. But it is a little bit of a real grievance to have to spend twopence-halfpenny to post the autograph to the lady in Boston, whose enclosure of American stamps avails you naught. But now, thanks to Mr. Heaton, the price is only a penny, and nobody grudges a penny in return for gratified vanity and a grumble. The Member for Canterbury (whose great work on the Post Office is long in coming) may really claim to have recovered the United States for the King, whose effigy is now made welcome and familiar in every homestead in the land.

You often hear that the stage lost a star when Bernard Vaughan joined the Company, not of Irving, but of Ignatius Loyola.

The connection between the pulpit and the boards seems to run a little in his own mind; for, in a recently published instruction on the best way to compose a sermon, he quotes, with evident gusto, the remark once made by an actor to a Bishop: "The difference between us is this: we, my Lord, say untrue things in such a way that people believe them; you say true things in such a way that people don't believe them."

In view of the lessons the Church might learn from the Stage, if not on what things to say, certainly on how to say them, the rigour of the prejudice or prohibition against the attendance of all denominations of clergy at theatres seems, in part, misplaced. A Dissenting minister, one imagines, would have a sorry time with his deacons were he spotted in the pit. An Anglican curate would, if observed by the patron, tremble for the "living" he ambitions; and the Roman priest, if seen by his Bishop in the queue of people going to see, say, even "The Bishop's Move," would find the Bishop's next move decidedly less entertaining. But the Puritan and the Roman motive is a little different, though the Puritan and Roman action is the same.

The Roman priest is forbidden the theatre, not because plays are wicked, but because his repeated presence at them might constitute a local indecorum. Hence, when a priest is away from home he can go to a theatre quite outside the pages of a novel by Mr. Temple Thurston; and the Faithful will read, without any scandal, in "The Story of the Congress," that the French Abbés who could not get into the Albert Hall to hear Cardinal Vannutelli betook themselves instead to stalls at "The Mikado."

A mention of "The Bishop's Move" brings to mind Ellen Terry's tribute, in her "Life," to Pearl Craigie—"she spoiled you for other women." What a compliment! For its like we must go back, reversing the sexes, to Stevenson's masterpiece, and hear the

adventuring Baroness say to Prince Otto: "If all men were like you, it would be worth while to be a woman."

I see that the Papal Legate of the recent Congress has come by the title of "The Leopard of the Lord." To those who saw him, the reason for this paradisial pet-name will not be obscure; Cardinal Vannutelli was indeed "a stately-stepping pard," come from the Palace of the Vatican to instruct us, if in nothing else, at least in a splendid, swift, and eager demeanour.

But how did it sound, robbed of its alliteration, when it was done into Italian? And how, I ask you, is a certain paper—to drop from sacred places to profane—is a certain humorous paper to print itself adequately in three languages? The Duc de Cirella, who is himself a caricaturist, is about to publish the first number of a paper called *Comica*. The "legends" under the pictures are to be published in English, French, and German. We shall at least be saved, in the English translation, the puns of our French and German cousins.

It is said of a great Professor, who shall not be made to blush by a mention of his name, that he spoke of Charlotte Brontë as author of *Wuthering Heights*. Indeed, such accidents may befall the best-regulated Professors—and papers. It was in a paper with real claims to be literary that an editor and printer's reader the other day passed the statement that Anne,

THE BRIDGE ENTHUSIAST (whose partner is lifting the turf continually): Having no spade, partner?

DRAWN BY A. E. HORNE.

poor little Anne this time, wrote Emily's novel. Again, a reviewer in one of the most important daily papers complained the other day that the newly published volume of "Selections from the Poems of Francis Thompson" contains no extract from "The City of Dreadful Night."

By withdrawing from its cover, at a friendly hint from the "Lounger," its high estimate of itself, the *Academy* has much strengthened its position as the censor of the publishers who "puff" their own wares. If we may, we will humbly agree with the *Academy* in deprecating such announcements as that made in regard to a certain new novel. It is, says the publisher, "undoubtedly one of the most powerful historical novels ever written." It is for the reviewer and the reader to decide; and the better a book is, and the better a paper is, the more safely may the matter be left to the reader's decision. The *Academy* has shown its full confidence in the free and independent formation of the favourable estimate of its clients. Let the publisher be bold to follow the lead, and so shall he come well out of this paper-chase of him.

It is good news that Mr. Edward Bell, for the publishers, has come to terms with Mr. Moberly Bell, of the *Times*. "Set a bell to drown a bell," is a motto proclaimed from many a steeple—it seems symbolically:

It was the Bell, the reader said,
Who put the Bell to rout;
But what they banged each other for
I never could make out.

M. E.



A STRIKING ATTITUDE!



THE INQUIRER: But what is it you men have struck for?

THE STRIKER: Well, I'm blest if I know, guv'nor, but we ain't goin' back till we've got it.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

HIS LITTLE HOUR.

By LESLIE THOMAS.

THE air was close and the sky cloudy. Large spots of rain were beginning to fall as Hartley Dale dismissed his cab. A thunderstorm was brewing.

At another time he would have been conscious of the oppressiveness of the night—now he was beyond such influences. Had not that fame for which he had striven so long come to him at last?

He opened the door, and passed upstairs jauntily, for all his weariness. The panting, determined man who had followed his hansom was just in time to see him enter.

One o'clock sounded as Dale reached his study, and, switching on the electric light, looked round him, smiling. Here, piece by piece, he had written this play of his which a few hours ago had been given to the world. Here, each day after his work was done, he had dreamed of success—as something scarcely possible of attainment, yet to be hoped for always.

And now it had come. His wildest expectations were realised. He had just left a supper-party held in his honour: he heard again his companions' congratulations; again he was bowing before the curtain to a chorus of applause.

The man in the street was waiting at the gate now; waiting deliberately, until he recovered his breath.

Dale took off his hat and coat, and crossed to an armchair. Sleep was impossible yet, with the remembrance of a silent audience listening to his one great scene in the second act. That, more than the final, noisy approbation, had been his triumph. Upon that scene he had really staked his all. For it was part of his own life—and another's.

His mind reverted to the girl, Dorothy Barnes, now personified, to some degree, in the heroine of his play. Again, not for the first time, he asked himself whether he had done well in thus laying bare on a stage her feelings, her inmost thoughts, to interest the public. Hitherto, the fact that she was dead, the belief that no one could possibly guess the truth or recognise his model, had satisfied these qualms of conscience. His portraiture was just, too; and it was not as if he had spared himself in drawing his own counterpart in the drama. He had presented his conduct in its true colours. Surely that condoned his use of the material.

The man outside, after a swift glance up and down the street, was ascending the steps to the front door.

Anyway, it was done, Dale told himself, half-impatiently. He rose and stepped to the mantelpiece to get a cigarette. He had worked and struggled and suffered, and now was reaping the results of all his labour and disappointments. He would not let this subject trouble him again. He would think no more of it. Those days were gone.

At that moment the electric bell sounded once, faintly, and he stopped in the act of lighting his cigarette, with a match between his fingers. Puzzled, half-doubtful whether he had heard aright, he waited for a repetition. When it came, he threw down the match with an impatient grunt, and walked rapidly into the hall. One of the supper-party with a mistaken sense of humour, no doubt.

There was an indulgent smile on his face as he opened the door. This gave place to an irritated frown when he caught sight of the visitor—the man who had followed his cab. He was undersized and pale; his clothes were shabby and ill-fitting; he had watery eyes, a thin neck, and an untidy moustache; a seedy bowler-hat covered his large head. He looked mean and insignificant as he

stood blinking there, with one hand in the side pocket of his overcoat.

"Well?" said Dale impatiently.

"Seein' a light, Sir, I wondered if your servant was still—" He hesitated.

"Oh—Johnson you want. No, he's in bed hours ago. This is a ridiculous time to come. Call again in the morning."

He started to shut the door, but the stranger spoke again.

"In bed, is he? Ah, an' asleep, most likely?"

"Yes, yes; I expect it's very probable."

"Then this," said the undersized man, in his thin voice, "this is a most convenient hour, Mr. John Hartley." And the hand in his overcoat pocket began to move.

Thus had the dramatist been registered at his birth. The "Dale" was his pen-name, borrowed from his mother's family. Its omission, however, puzzled him, as did the deliberate tone of the visitor's voice.

"What on earth do you mean? *Here!* . . ."

He had widened the aperture; now he recoiled involuntarily from the weapon that faced him.

"We're goin' to have a bit of a talk together. Just walk backwards. I'll see to the door."

Hartley Dale's frown increased. He was perfectly cool again now, and recognised that the moment was unfavourable for a rush and a straight "left-hander." The revolver would assuredly be discharged, and the shot could hardly miss him. A few months ago he would have taken the risk without consideration. Now he was chary of endangering his person. He was famous, and his outlook on life was altered. He must cling to this fame. He must take care of himself.

"Are you mad?" he asked sharply, and moved towards the study. "Do you know what the penalty is for this sort of thing, if you're caught?"

The undersized man managed the latch without noise.

"No," he said, with little interest. "And it doesn't matter either. I shan't be caught. Go right into the room; and don't talk so loud. No, don't raise your hand again. I'd rather have the light."

Dale arrested his movement towards the switch, and retreated to the fire, shrugging his shoulders. But, in spite of himself, he was curiously affected by these deliberate actions and this reedy voice.

"Now you expect me to guide you to the silver?" he inquired sarcastically, forcing a smile.

"I'm not a burglar."

"No?"

"No! I've just come from the theatre—seen your play. Wanted to make sure that John Hartley and Hartley Dale was the same person. Now I know: so I followed you to the restaurant, an' then here."

He still held the revolver; but Dale, eyeing him closely, noticed with surprise that his hand—indeed, his whole body—trembled. He was evidently a man of little courage; afraid, yet held to his purpose by—what? Force of will he was obviously unlikely to possess. Dale could not understand.

"And why, may I ask?"

"Because I recognised somebody in your play." Two spots of red coloured the man's pallid cheeks. "Then I was certain it was you who'd known Dorothy Barnes." Dale started slightly. "You put into that actress girl's mouth the very words *she* would ha' said. It was her—to the life."

[Continued overleaf.]

CANNY CANUTE: HIS DAILY LIFE—VI.



CANNY CANUTE: Look here, friends and countrymen. It's a beastly fraud. I gave ten marbles, six brass buttons, three tops, an' a piece of toffee, all for that dog, and now I find he isn't even thoroughbred.

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.

Dale thrilled. Over and above all else in his mind for the moment was this unconscious tribute to his ability—his power. Then came the realisation of his present position.

"That part where she first sees the man's only been playin' with her—where she says she's thought all along that he really loved her . . . an' tells him he's broken her heart, and she doesn't want to live any more . . . that was just what she said to you, eh? You've written it all down."

Even now he could not meet Dale's gaze; but before his simple, accusing words the dramatist flinched. He felt strangely small and despicable.

"You've made a name for yourself, all through knowin' her. What did *her* feelings matter? P'raps that's why you ever had anything to do with her. It's very likely. I never thought of it before."

Dale lifted his head.

"No; you wrong me when you believe that. I was a black-guard—yes, I admit it. I see it now."

"An' you didn't think of it at the time. No, your sort never do."

"Man, I've confessed it—there, in my play. Didn't you hear? Couldn't you understand? I didn't attempt to whitewash myself. I put down everything—all the truth."

"Too late!" said the thin voice quaveringly. Dale was looking down. "You ought to have seen what you were doin' before—before she died. What right had you to treat her like you did? That's the way with you *gentlemen*! What's it matter about anyone else, so long as *you*—"

His voice broke. Hartley Dale stirred, but did not speak.

"Yes, that's what she said: you were a 'gentleman' . . . I believe she was proud—proud that you took notice of her—a poor girl who worked for her livin'—a girl in a milliner's, who otherwise would have had to be content with someone like *me*. . . ."

"Who are you?" Dale asked in low tones.

"Me?" he echoed bitterly. "Oh, nobody—only a fellow who loved her. That's all. No one there was any need for *you* to think about. . . . Yes, you took her away from *me*—only you didn't know it, an' wouldn't ha' cared if you had."

His voice dropped, and there was silence for a moment. It was broken by a low rumbling of thunder, and on the window the rain fell sharply. The storm had broken. Dale roused himself from the depths of his self-abasement. Why allow all this to worry him? It belonged to his past life. It was forgotten.

There was nothing to fear, at any rate, he reflected dully, from this insignificant intruder. At first he had thought—

A movement startled him. He looked up.

"You see this?" The revolver was pointed unsteadily in his direction. "I bought it that day—after I'd come from the churchyard. Ever since then I've kept it ready. It's been waiting for you for five years."

Dale laughed harshly.

"Come, come—don't be a fool! You daren't. You'd be hanged, man. Hanged! Don't forget that."

The undersized man shook his head. His trembling increased. Dale stepped towards him scornfully, then stopped with a jerk.

"You might frighten an ordinary man like that—a burglar—someone who'd broken in. Not *me*. . . . No; I shan't be hanged. They'll never catch me. They'll never know. . . . No one'll hear—not above the thunder. When a big clap comes—"

His thin voice shook, but the barrel still pointed at Hartley Dale. The dramatist shivered suddenly.

What if this thing should actually happen? . . . Only to think of it made him sick and dizzy. It was not that he was a coward: what racked him was the thought that, after all his toil and strivings, after he had worked so hard, now, on the very night of his triumph, he might have to leave behind all that meant so much to him. This fool might . . .

Should he try a rush, *now*? There was no more chance of its success than there had been before. One stray shot . . . He could have shrieked at his powerlessness—at the irony of it. But surely fate would not be so cruel!

"You're famous, eh? . . . Yes; but not for very long. They're writin' about you now—this moment, p'raps—them critics—writin' about you an' your wonderful play. It'll be in the mornin' papers, eh? There's comfort for you . . . Famous for an hour—that's all."

Dale stirred. The arm opposite him followed his movement.

"An', after that, it's me they'll write about—*me* people'll think of—more than you . . . I'll be famous, too, eh?" Dale had not heard him laugh before, and shuddered at the sound.

It was drowned next instant by a reverberating peal of thunder. Dale sprang with a cry—there was a flash; he dropped to the floor with a sob.

His companion waited, breathing hard. His first movement, after a full minute, was to return his hand to the pocket whence it had originally come. Then he opened the door to the hall, and listened.

Slowly, noiselessly, with white, set face he crossed the passage, and stepped out into the rain. There was no one in the street as he went along, except a uniformed figure sheltering in a doorway.

And the constable paid no attention to an insignificant, undersized man, who walked with one hand in the pocket of his overcoat

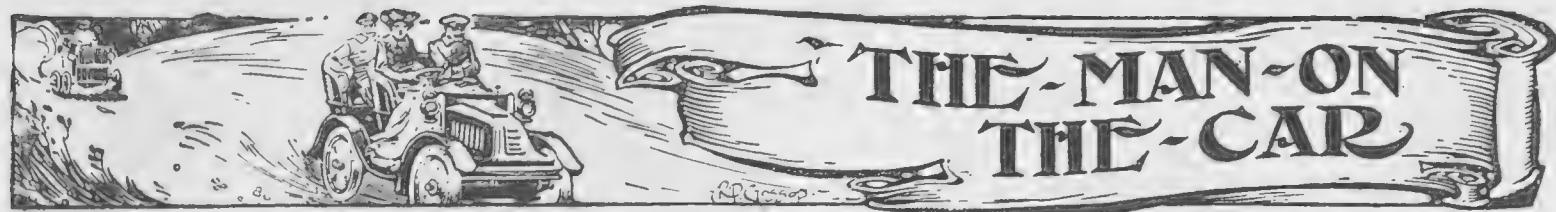
THE END.



[DRAWN BY CHAS PEARS.
AN IMPRESSIONIST PICTURE: THE MAN WHO IS NEVER SEEN TAKING HIS WIFE FOR A WALK.]

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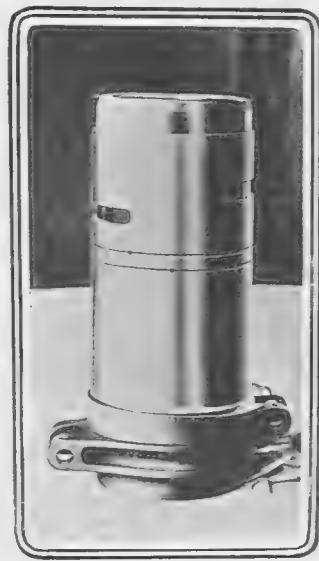
THE DAIMLER SILENT KNIGHT ENGINE: FULL DETAILS—THE MICHELIN AIR-CYLINDER: A TIME AND MUSCLE SAVER.

TO the casual observer it would have appeared any time these last two years that in the matter of internal-combustion engine design, at least in the case of such internal-combustion engines as are suited to the propulsion of motor-cars, something like finality had been reached. The illustrations of the Daimler Silent Knight engine which appear on this page, and such brief description as I am permitted by the constricted space at my disposal to afford, may cause him to ponder the contrary. The design or scheme of the Silent Knight engine will not come as a

surprise to the close student of the internal-combustion engine in this country, for, some twelve to eighteen months ago, an illustrated description of this ingenious motor was published from, I fancy, the American patent specification. It then appeared to be—as, indeed, it is—an entire departure in internal-combustion engine design, and a bold attempt to adapt slide-valve conditions to that engine. Now the news reaches us that the Daimler Motor Company, of Coventry, have, so far as this engine is concerned, and after over twelvemonths' severe trial, burnt their boats. They eschew henceforward the spring-controlled mushroom-valve type of

ever could occur with the mushroom-valved engine. It is, of course, admitted that the motor-car engine, as we know it to-day, has been silenced to a remarkable degree. But there has always remained the valve striking, lifting, and falling, which, being in the nature of blows, metal on metal, could not be altogether deprived of sound.

Light lifts, fibre plungers, weak springs, all bore their share in reducing sound, but engine-sound still remained, no matter what the measures adopted. Now, with these silent, slowly-moving sleeves gliding one over the other until their ports register as desired, actuated by eccentrics on a silent chain-driven shaft, sound has departed, and the Knight engine has become as silent as the night or the grave. Moreover, the design results in a remarkably clean engine, wearing the outward semblance of a two-cycle motor, and having no externally projecting moving parts save the crank-shaft ends and the cross-shaft which drives the pump and magneto. Beyond the skew-gear wheels actuating these last, there are no gear-wheels whatsoever in this engine's economy, and so all gear ring and rattle are obviated. By the absolute smoothness of the surfaces of the combustion-chamber—there being, of course, no projections, pockets, or valve-heads—very high, and therefore most economical, compressions can be employed without



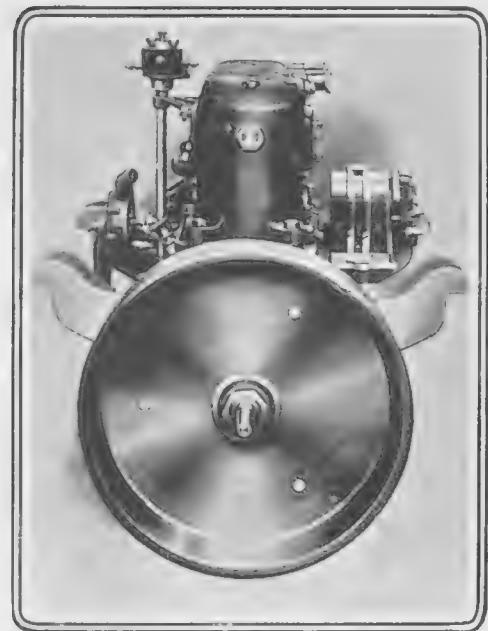
THE DAIMLER SILENT KNIGHT ENGINE.

The cast-iron sleeves used as cylinder-linings, and containing ports which register at desired intervals, being actuated by eccentrics on a lay-shaft coupled up by miniature connecting-rods. The ear-lugs for the attachment of the small end of the connecting rods are shown in the photograph. The slits, or cuts, seen in the sides of the sleeves are the registering explosive-mixture ports referred to.

fear of pre-ignition. The above are but a few of the advantages presented by this engine, which has so impressed the experts of the Daimler Company that they have adopted it to the exclusion of all others.

The Michelin Tyre Company never cease plotting and planning in the best interests of tyre-users. In their latest introduction, the Michelin air-cylinder, they have put a most welcome accessory upon the market—welcome in particular to all those motorists who tend their own cars.

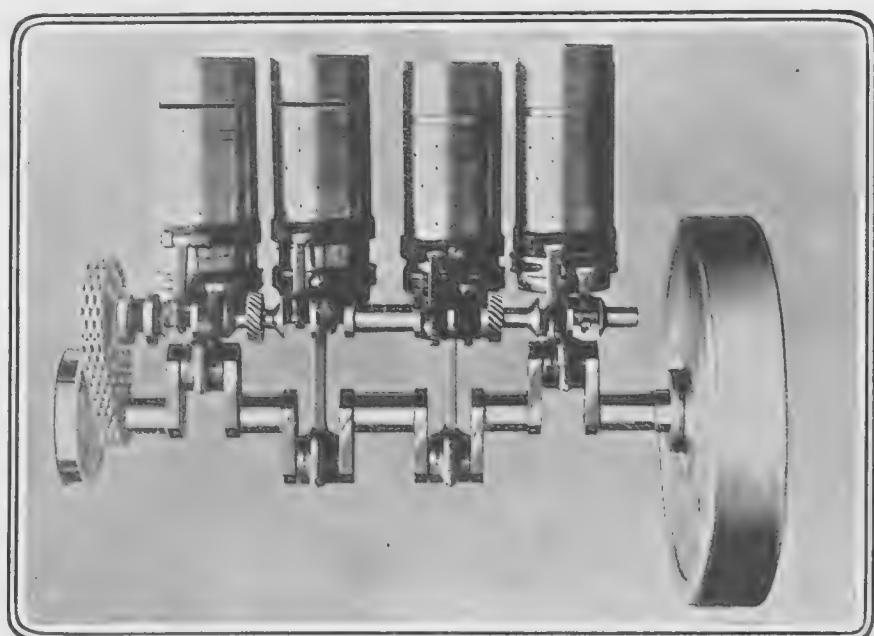
Who has not experienced the ineffable weariness of hand-pumping a big tyre, driving hard on a hot day, perhaps, as often happens on the Continent, far away from the merest fragment of shade. The labour of Portland's convicts is as nothing to it. And now Michelin enters the field to make smooth the tyre-pumper's way before him—with what? A bottle of air! Yes, just $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of common or garden air, sufficient to inflate automatically and fully from three to ten tyres, according to their size. Some idea of the labour saved is realisable when it is said that about 260 strokes, equal to 520 bendings of the back, are required to distend a modest 870 by 90 tyre to a pressure of 70 lb. per square inch.



THE DAIMLER SILENT KNIGHT ENGINE.

This end view of the engine shows the absence of valve-chambers, valve-spindles, springs, valve and tappet guides; also the detachable head forming the dome of the explosion-chamber, the removal of which is only a matter of a few minutes, permitting the easiest cleaning, or the withdrawal of pistons and connecting-rods without dismounting the cylinders.

motor in favour of the twin-sleeved, slot-ported Silent Knight. The design of the motor is not difficult of comprehension. Within the cylinder are placed two concentric, open-ended, cast-iron tubes, or sleeves, within the inner of which the piston travels up and down, as in an ordinary cylinder. The bottom ends of these concentric tubes are joined with lugs, to which short connecting-rods, operated by eccentrics on a lay-shaft, connect. This lay-shaft is rotated, at a suitable speed, from the crank-shaft by means of a short length of Hans Renold Silent Chain. Suitable horizontal slots or ports are formed in the walls of these concentric tubes; and, by the short reciprocating movement given to the sleeves by the lay-shaft, these slots are caused to coincide or register at moments suitable to the consecutive cycles of induction, compression, explosion, and exhaust. By this neat, but supremely ingenious, arrangement a fuller charge, a higher compression, and a cleaner, more fully scavenged exhaust is obtained than



THE DAIMLER SILENT KNIGHT ENGINE.

This view shows the cast-iron sleeves or tubes containing the pistons withdrawn from the cylinders, as is the crank-shaft from the crank-chamber. The lay-shaft operating the cast-iron sleeves is seen above the crank-shaft, and is shown driven therewith by a Hans Renold silent chain. The ports in the concentric sleeves of the two left-hand cylinders are shown registering for induction and exhaust.



MAHER—FORM—APPRENTICES.

I HAVE heard of one plucky Maher follower who has backed the American jockey to ride the winners of the Duke of York's Stakes, the Cesarewitch, and the Cambridgeshire. This is rather a tall order, and yet it comes into the pale of practical politics. Maher could ride either Llangwm or White Eagle at Kempton, and either could win with t'other out of the way. Then for the Cesarewitch he may be on Glacis, who, according to the book, has a chance second to none. For the Cambridgeshire his mount will, bar accidents, be Cocksure II., who is supposed to be the best three-year-old in training bar none, and I believe this opinion is held by many of the best judges on the Turf. True, the Irish division think that Rhodora, who has run well twice over the course, will beat the favourite at 1 lb., but I do not think so. Far greater danger may arise from Bracelet, who is set to receive 14 lb. from Cocksure II. She is said to be very useful when fit, and her trainer, Lewis, knows what is wanted to win a Cambridgeshire. It was he who trained Comedy for the race when the ring were hit to the tune of £80,000. The stable is also responsible for The Nut, a much improved animal, and Silver Heeled, who up to now has been a big disappointment. But to Maher. He is riding in his very best style this year. Many critics think he goes in too much for fine finishes, but they forget that all the time he is riding animals that have to give away big weights, which compels him to husband his resources. I, for one, am very sorry that Wootton has to stand down for a while; but, in any case, I do not think he would have beaten Maher in the winning jockeys' list.

It is really astounding how often form is upset when the second-class horses are running in handicaps. One week some of them are down the course, the next they pop up, and are then said to have been well backed away from the course. It is oftentimes simply a case of changing jockeys. We sometimes see fairly good animals ridden by unknown stable-lads, who could never get first in a donkey-race. A little later on, the same horses are steered by really good jockeys, and they show improvement in form to the tune of 20 or 30 lb. Of course, an owner is perfectly justified in putting up which jockey he prefers; at the same time, it is very hard on stay-at-home backers, who could, by-the-bye, save themselves by stipulating for a certain rider to represent them on the animal they wanted to back. But it is not always

the bad jockey who is the cause of the mischief. Now and then the really capable jockey is off colour, and I have often suggested to my watchers that, in the case of certain erratic riders, they should, before tipping, note the condition of the jockey as well as the horse. The majority of the present-day jockeys are temperate; but there are others, and the latter are apt to go off at all the tangents. After what is termed "a thick night" they are of very little use to backers; while on occasion they may have gone through a long course of temperance, and then they ride as well as the best of their opponents. The successful jockey should be early to bed at night and up early next morning; he should keep away from the bar and the card-table.



WINNER OF THE ITALIAN MARATHON RACE:—E. LESI OF MILAN, WHO COVERED THE 26½ MILES CIRCUIT IN 2 HOURS 54 MINUTES.

It will be remembered that Mr. Hayes' time for the Marathon race from Windsor was 2 hours 55 min. 18 sec. for the 26 miles 385 yards.

Photograph by Varischini and Artio.

one of the £10,000 races were to claim, say, a couple of thousand from the owner of the horse, what sort of an answer would he get?

He would, I think, be told that he had been paid, and paid well, for preparing the winner; and if he did not like it he could leave it. Why, then, in the name of all that is reasonable, should a trainer be permitted to take the greater part of the earnings of one of his boys? He should be paid a living wage, and no more. I take it that, philosophically speaking, the Jockey Club

members are guardians to all the apprentices; therefore they should do their duty to their wards.

CAPTAIN COE.



RETURNING WITH THE DECOYS: AFTER A WEEK'S SPORT ON THE MEXICAN PLAINS.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**New Modes in
Peking.**

The wanderer who brought a Purple Coat from Peking was full of amazing gossip from the Celestial capital. The Chinese woman, it appears, is just as unrestful, in her way, as any British Suffragette. Not only does she no longer maim her little foot, but she has put that foot down in one or two social matters in so firm a manner as to inaugurate a social revolution. In future, she does not intend to hide, furtively, behind a curtain, spending her life in being civil to her mother-in-law, as is duly inculcated by Confucius. The modern Peking lady goes out to dine at the smart hotels, for all the world like her prototype in London. Moreover, the opening of the new "Zoo and Botanical Gardens" in the suburbs has made an extraordinary change in Chinese manners. Different days were set apart for the different sexes, but lo! no sooner were the gardens opened, than all the *gommieux* of the capital crowded to the ladies' day, while the women insisted on going on the day set apart for the men. Thus, in one week, the custom of thousands of years was destroyed at a stroke, and who knows what will be the end? There is a pretty comic opera to be made out of the present social state of Peking.

Belated Summer. There is something pathetic—like a faded beauty tricked out in girls' finery—in a belated summer in autumn. The jade who should have smiled upon us in August and warmed us in September seems to be making a futile and laborious effort when the autumn is really here, and we would as lief sit down to our book and a comfortable fire. For what are you to do in London in October with the thermometer at nearly eighty in the shade? You cannot play croquet in Hyde Park, nor swim in the Serpentine; the theatres are too hot for enjoyment, and no one is bold enough to give a ball with gardens lit with Chinese lanterns. Possibly, with the opening of Parliament, tea on the Terrace will become the fashion this fall, while Ranelagh and Hurlingham might open their doors and let us dine once more with open windows giving on a green garden, and listen to a Viennese band while we sit out under the stars. The Londoner should not let his opportunities slip, for we may not hope to escape the fogs of November, and we should hasten to organise our resources and convert a freak of temperature into a season of festivity.

**The Unemployed of
Pall Mall.**

Some of us have high hopes for Algy, Bertie, and Reggie this winter, for it is possible that those exquisitely attired young gentlemen will no longer walk forlornly in Piccadilly, a prey to ennui and lack of occupation, slaves of their buttonholes, martyrs to their patent

boots. The spectacle of the unemployed of Pall Mall has always been a disquieting one, for it has no counterpart, nowadays, in any civilised country. To spend the morning skipping in the basement of the "Frigidarium Club," or to pass an entire afternoon consuming tea and sporting papers at the "Epicureans," has never presented itself to onlookers as a fitting occupation for adult able-bodied Britons. Mr. Zangwill once wrote a moving article on the horrible overcrowding on Belgravian staircases during the trying months of June and July; it would take a pen as eloquent to describe the blighted young lives which are seen in Bond Street of a morning, the Boys of all ages who should have been Men, who saunter in the Row, or are led on a string by idle ladies. But all these things are to be changed, for our ingenious Mr. Haldane demands no fewer than seventeen thousand young men for "winter training," and who can doubt that our semi-gilded youths will not prove themselves as patriotic as the carpenter out of work or the playful hooligan of our eastern suburbs?

A regiment of Reginalds might even be formed, after the manner of the famous Mousquetaires of Dumas' novel, and once the habit of militarism were caught, our unoccupied young dandies would find a career in which one, at least, of their talents would find ample means to express itself.

**The Inexperience
of Forty.** Mr. Pinero observed that

"the world is made up of people of forty"; but that folks attain their twoscore years in different ways is patent to the most superficial observer of the human comedy. Now we have the authority of Mr. Joseph Conrad that the "inexperience of the man of forty is a much more serious thing than the inexperience of a youth of twenty"—in short, that he is more likely to be "taken in," so to speak, by the predatory Fair, and even, as was Mr. Conrad's Napoleonic hero, by the simple, smiling ingénue. For it is not only proverbs but common-sense which tells us that we are all in danger of being Fools at Forty. Yet no woman—unless she be a nun or a spinster in a provincial suburb—is really inexperienced at that enlightened age; it remains for Man—the Arch-Idealist—to exhibit

a touching ingenuousness what time he no longer cares to vase all night. Woman, deep down in the depths of her being, looks upon all masculine things, of whatever age, as great babies, to be soothed and nursed; whereas Man persists in regarding his feminine contemporaries as angels or fiends, saints or sinners, martyrs or wantons; whereas all the time these ladies are beings singularly like himself, but with, on the whole, a more plentiful supply of common-sense.



[Copyright.
AN EVENING DRESS OF PEARL-GREY SATIN CHARMEUSE.
(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THE warm weather last week was a set-back to autumn fashions. With the rise in temperature, out came all the summer gowns and gloves. The autumn hats remained on heads, and there was some incongruity between flowered-muslin frocks and taffetas and beaver hats. After all, if the climate mixes its seasons, why should not we our dress? One lady wrote from the North, saying her house was small, and she had to put away her summer petticoats before she took out those for winter. This change she effected one day when the temperature had hovered consistently about forty-five for a week. Next morning it was at seventy-four in the shade, and the sun blazing. Then was she an aggrieved woman, bemoaning the underskirts of the past summer more vehemently, if less poetically, than the bard the snows of yester year. It was a strange trick that the weather played us. We are accustomed to an Indian summer, but a belated mid-summer is more than we are prepared for.

Guns out after pheasants and partridges last week suffered much from the heat, but enjoyed the early mornings and afternoons immensely, for then it was fresh and glorious; and the light was long and good on the First. Ladies did well in several parties, and delightful clothes were worn. These were, of course, quite practical. One coat and skirt were of hopsack, in a charming mixture of brown and green; the coat was tightly fitting and single-breasted, fastened with stag-horn buttons. The skirt was quite four inches off the ground all round, and was finished with a double row of machine-stitching in coarse silk, brown and green, down each seam, and several rows of similar stitching round the hem. The coat was also finished with stitching, and was in Norfolk-jacket form, with elastic under the pleats at the back. The sleeves were also loose at the arm-holes. Soft green suède was inserted as a gun-pad on the right shoulder; and a green suède cartridge-bag was suspended from a waistband of the same suède, fastened with a bronze buckle. A soft green felt Homberg hat was worn, with brown wing-feathers at one side. The blouse was thinnest flannel. As yet, pheasant-shooting cannot be pursued in real earnest—the woods are too full of leaf for correct shooting.

Never have blue serge or tailor-made tweed and cloth coats and skirts had such a vogue as now. It is as if many women, worn out with extremes of fashion, have determined to dress quietly, simply, and smartly, and let the English tailor come on his own again. The autumn fashions dictate that coat and skirt shall be of the same material and colour. The skirts of light-hued check or stripe which were the smart things to wear with black or dark cut-away coats are not now regarded with favour. The style was at once adopted for ready-mades, which promptly killed it as a fashion. Blue serge, edged with black silk braid, is now in great favour for coats, the skirts finished also with braid to match. Tweed coats and skirts for town wear are finished in the same way.

With their usual enterprise and thoroughness, the wonderfully successful firm, Messrs. Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street, have issued a delightful autumn fashion booklet entitled "Fashions of To-day." It is quite an artistic production, the covers being cleverly and gracefully designed. The contents include lavish illustrations of everything connected with the outfitting of men, women, and children, the first-mentioned being given Benjamin's portion of the space, which is their just due, seeing the effect which they produce, ably aided by so celebrated a firm. It is a complete guide for ladies living out of town. For those in London it is an index to the great shops' contents, making a business visit to it easy.

Now that the days of mud and slush are at hand we think comfortably of the woman's best friend—Scrubbs' Cloudy Ammonia. It is a friend to man, too, but he is not so heavily handicapped in his walk through life as we are. He looks upon it as a luxury for his bath, to exhilarate and refresh him after a heavy day. We run to it to restore our skirt-hems, to take mud-stains out of our habit-skirts, to clean all sorts of household gods, to renovate dear dying clothes that we love, and hate to leave off until their last possible hour has arrived. Households without a bottle of this invaluable fluid are inadequately equipped. Few, however, are long without it. It is a want that makes itself felt. Scrubbs' soap is also keenly appreciated, being beautifully made of the finest materials.

With the fall of the leaf headgear for all outdoor pursuits becomes a difficulty to women. To look nice starting out is quite easy; to come in looking nice is a problem to solve. Scott's, the celebrated hatters for both sexes, at 1, Old Bond Street, have issued an illustrated booklet, which will help the solution materially.

On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of an evening dress of pearl-grey satin charmeuse, which is beautifully embroidered in silk of pale tones of blue and pink and green, and gold and silver. The peplum-shaped Empire skirt is finished with gold-and-grey tassels falling on an under-skirt of chiffon.

The motorist of an analytical turn of mind will have been struck, during the sporting season which may be said to have come to an end with the Four Inch Race, with the consistent manner in which British motoring events have been won by cars fitted with Dunlop tyres. The Irish and Scottish Automobile Clubs' reliability trials, the 2000 miles trial of the R.A.C., and now the Tourist Trophy have each and all been Dunlop wins. The successes in hill-climbs, too, have maintained the accustomed high percentage of this tyre.

America has a new god, a god of smiles. He is "the-god-of-things-as-they-ought-to-be," and, familiarly, he is "Billiken." The

New York *World* has much to say about him:—"Things looked so dark to Florence Pretz. The publishers cared little for her funny Japanese sketches; they bought a few once in a while, but paid her for them in pennies when she needed dollars. And so the world looked dark to this student at the Arts and Crafts Guild, of Highland Park, Chicago. But Miss Pretz kept on smiling. She was trying to earn enough money to study art seriously, and she was making barely enough to pay her board. But she kept on smiling. Then suddenly, when things seemed darkest, her smile tempted the sun of good fortune from behind the clouds. Accidentally, she says, she hit upon an idea that made other people smile. She conceived a queer little Japanese-looking figure of a baby with a six-inch smile on a four-inch face; she made it in clay and had it cast in plaster and called it 'the-god-of-things-as-they-ought-to-be,' or 'Billiken' for short. When they saw 'Billiken' people smiled—and bought him. The dealers called for more. Soon Miss Pretz was making 'Billikens' as fast as her hands could turn them out. For she was making two smiles grow where one had grown before. Casts were made of Billiken in bronze, and Chicago people placed these upon the lamps of their motor-cars, thus spreading smiles all over the city and

its suburbs. Business men bought plaster casts and placed them on their desks, and when they were worried by business the little statue seemed to say to them, 'Have a smile on me.' Then they would smile back, for the Billiken smile is infectious. As a result of this smiling god Miss Pretz soon found herself richer—richer than ever she had dreamed of being—and she is growing richer and smiling more sunny every day, for the factory is casting Billiken as fast as its wheels can turn."

Owing to the great demand for copies of their illustrated catalogue consequent upon the pressure at the Franco-British Exhibition and their Regent Street showrooms, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, announce that their present catalogue of silver-plate is entirely out of print, but that copies of the new list will be sent to present applicants as soon as they are received from the printers. It should be noted that present purchasers will be given the full benefit of the reduced prices of silver-plate which will appear in this great Company's new catalogue, to be issued towards the end of the current month. A special section of the Company's beautiful jewellery catalogue is immediately available for distribution, and is obtainable post free on application to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, W.

There was some very close racing in the 24½-miles Voiturette Race, on the Compiègne Circuit. As a matter of fact, there was only a difference of twenty-eight minutes between the first and the fourth car, and that upon a journey of such length is extremely good. It is also interesting to know that eight out of the first ten cars, including the first and second, were fitted with Michelin tyres.



THE NEW TOILET AID: THE IREX AUTO-FLASK.

It is claimed that Irex tooth-powder ensures sixty days' tooth-beautifying for a shilling. Each Irex Auto-flask contains sixty portions, which are delivered automatically on a special tray (supplied gratis with the flask)—just the right quantity necessary for use at one time, thereby avoiding waste and mess. The contents of the flask are consequently always fresh and dry, and useable to the last.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 13.

HOME RAILWAY REFLECTIONS.

THE idea is, of course, that, upon the reassembling of Parliament, a fresh fillip will be given to the rise in Home Railways by legislation confirming the "combines." This does not take into account the possible opposition to these agreements, of which a gathering rumble is already heard in responsible quarters—e.g., the *Westminster Gazette*, for one. This Government organ represents that the public and traders are likely to be losers if anything in the nature of "trusts" becomes authorised, and it may well be that the Board of Trade will not grant the whole of the facilities for combination demanded by the companies. Therefore, the bulls must be wary about putting too much trust in this article of faith. For what reason, other than this of working agreements, the market has lately advanced so sharply, we find it difficult to say. Certainly prices went low as compared with recent years' standards, but the weakness was justified by bad traffics, except in a few cases. The Undergrounds have done well, and the outlook for their stocks is brighter than that of the trade lines. Central Londons are quietly responding to the altered conditions, and the Company should find itself in quite a good position at the end of the year. We shouldn't care to touch Districts. The 4 per cent. Debenture stocks of the Bakerloo, the Piccadilly, and the Charing Cross and Euston tubes can all be bought to return a shade over 4 per cent. on the money.

AMERICANS AND THE ELECTION.

Even supposing Mr. Bryan were to be elected, what's the harm to the American Market? More sentimental than real; that's for certain. Mr. Bryan has passed through his firebrand days, and is now an apostle of Mr. Roosevelt to such an extent that he might be counted upon to out-Theodore his master in the matter of tilting at Trusts and the like, were he to win the election next month. Not that we believe he will, and in the event of Mr. Taft proving successful, there will be a momentary boomlet, under cover of which the present supporters may do their best to crawl out of the stock they've bought. For some time past it has been said that the bear-squeezers in Wall Street have steadily unloaded whenever they were able to do so. Nevertheless, the real slump is not coming just yet, and the American Market can be relied upon to furnish violent changes in both directions for all this month.

FOREIGN RAILS.

Argentine Railway stocks should be active now at this, their dividend, season of the year; but the market remains sluggish. Perhaps people have got a little bit suspicious of the market in consequence of its ultra-lavish new issues. Nobody can wonder at such suspicion. Buenos Ayres and Pacific stock, at any rate, ought to be sold. Sound Stock Exchange authorities say that Buenos Ayres Western is the pick of the bunch now, although the Buenos Ayres Great Southern is said to be in a good position as regards finance, rolling-stock, and prospects. The decision of the directors of the United Railways of Havana not to recommend a dividend for the year just ended did not arouse surprise, in view of the falling-off in the traffics; and the way in which the Leopoldina takes have been going down for some weeks past is unpleasant. But shrewd folk tell us that if the stock goes to about 65—it is now some five or six points higher—it is worth looking after.

KAFFIRETTES.

Modders are being talked to 25. On merits: that is the curious part of it. We cannot see them worth £15, but the temper of the market looks too strong to invite bear operations.

* * * * *

Those who took our advice to buy Boksburgs we are happy to present with a pleasant sequel: Take the handsome profit.

* * * * *

There's a very fair gain accrued, too, on Consolidated Langlaagte. Nobody ever went bankrupt by securing profits. And Rooderands have risen from 5s. to 8s. since they were mentioned here by way of a gamble.

* * * * *

As another gamble—and purely as a gamble, mind you—New Africans at 15s. are worth the having. Shouldn't pay more. Paarl Centrals at 8s. are another good gamble.

* * * * *

Now, as to Modder "B," the Company's new scheme for money-raising appears to us to go not far from the height of effrontery. Sell: by all means. And now.

* * * * *

Why so disappointing a dividend on Johnnies? One would very much like to know. Certainly on a 5 per cent. basis the shares are not worth six-and-twenty, or even twenty shillings. Should get out if we held Johnnies.

* * * * *

In an up-and-down market, such as the Kaffir Circus has developed into, Porges-Randfontein might easily slip back to

about £2. If they do, Porges will be worth buying for a speculative investment. They're better than Randfonteins.

ROSARIO DRAINAGE, AND OTHER THINGS.

The following notes of our correspondent "Q" will be of interest, especially in view of the improvement in South African things just now, and the eager search going on for cheap Argentine investments—

There has been a steady appreciation in the price of the First and Second Debenture stocks of the *Rosario Drainage Company* since I last wrote you about them some months back, and they now stand at 80 and 70 respectively. The report is due, and may very likely be published before these lines are in print, and I think it will be found that there has been a further considerable increase in the revenue. Assuming that the full 4 per cent. for the year is paid on the Second Debenture stock, the return is a clear 6 per cent., and I should not be surprised to see this stock another ten points higher in the course of the next twelvemonths.

The ordinary shares of the *African City Properties Trust*, to which I referred incidentally the other day, have advanced from 8s. to 12s. 6d., and may conceivably go to par. Although it was impossible to pay any dividend on these shares for the past year, owing to the depression in house property in Johannesburg, the outlook is now much brighter, and an early resumption of dividends may be looked for. The assets of the Company are of undoubted value, and the average dividend on the Ordinary shares since the Company was formed has been 7 per cent.

The shares of the *Taquah Mining and Exploration Company* have taken another big step towards the £4 which I have already mentioned as their true value during the past week. Other West African shares are also moving towards higher prices, but your readers should be very careful to show discrimination if they are tempted to take a hand in this market.

Besides the *Taquah Mining Company* and the *Abosso Company*, the best shares to buy are *Gold Coast Amalgamated, Prestea Block A*, and *Abboutiaoon Block 1*, and I think that a further considerable rise may take place in all of these. I understand that a very favourable amalgamation has been arranged, the particulars of which will shortly be made public, and the effect of which will be that the Gold Coast Amalgamated Company will be put in possession of some £40,000 in cash, which will be devoted to the development of the Prestea Block A and other Companies in which the Amalgamated Company is interested. When the railway to the Prestea Mine is completed, a great reduction in working expenses will be possible, and the mine should then be put on a profit-earning basis. It should be remembered that, at the time of the last report, the reserves of ore in this mine were estimated at 335,000 tons, worth over 50s. per ton.

Saturday, Oct. 3, 1908.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORDOBA.—Both your Argentine shares are fair speculative investments. Whether you will do as well with them as with Corboba Central Income Bonds we cannot say. All depends on the prosperity of the country. The present traffics are encouraging. Better hold on to your Australian Mortgage shares.

SINBAD.—See "Q's" note this week. Things are just beginning to improve in S.A., and you would do well to hold on to the Brewery shares. The English Licensing Bill cannot affect the value, and there are few African Companies with a larger margin for improvement.

W. A.—The Company's circular, offering the shares, will be issued in a day or two. If you cannot afford to take up your allotment you can sell your rights, which should be worth at least one shilling for each new share to which you are entitled.

PALATINE.—Your letter was answered on the 2nd instant.

E. E. J.—We suggest Cuba Gold Bonds for your small investment. Have nothing to do with the outside broker whose circular you send.

ANXIOUS.—Yes, Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary are a very good investment. At the moment we prefer Buenos Ayres Western. We have sent you the name and address of the broker.

KELANTAN.—Inquiries shall be made and the result given next week, but we think the people you mention are quite unfit for the job. The chances are that if they can get an option out of you they will keep you tied up for months and then do nothing.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Leicester these may go close: Midland Nursery, Quids; Gopsall Handicap, My May; October Selling Plate, The Sun; Kegworth Handicap, Blue Boy; Village Nursery, Solo. At Kempton I like White Eagle for the Duke of York Stakes; and Princesse de Galles for the Imperial Plate. Other selections are: Coventry Plate, Mildew II.; Richmond Plate, Bracelet; Kempton Park Nursery, Battle Axe; Rivermead Handicap, Sea King. At Haydock I like the following: October Handicap, Faithful Don; Lowton Handicap, Claudian; Autumn Handicap, Gordon Brook; White Lodge Nursery, Ninepence; Flexton Welter, Pieman.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Great Miss-Driver." By Anthony Hope. (Methuen).—"The Magnate." By Robert Elson. (Heinemann).—"The Climax." By J. Cranstoun Nevill. (John Long).

MISS DRIVER had a way with her, and it is just the way that Mr. Anthony Hope delights to examine with his careful, dispassionate observation of the flights of the eternal feminine. Jenny was delightfully feminine, and she did things in the grand style, whether they were the endowment of an institute (she was very rich), or an elopement, or a fine defiance of the gossips of a county. She had her match—nay, her master—in Leonard Octon; but she was none the less "The Great Miss Driver" for her escapade with him. In fact, her return to sovereign power in Catsford after she had vanished into compromising darkness was the signal proof of this remarkable young woman's strength of character. Perhaps the most brilliant bit of drawing, however, lies in the portrayal of her weaknesses, Mr. Anthony Hope perceiving, with his usual insight, exactly where such a woman would fail. She was wretchedly wrong in her attitude towards a creature called Powers, a married man who had had a love-affair with her when she was in her teens, and who came, with his wife and family, to live on her, so far as her complaisance might indulge him, when she had succeeded to her father's fortune. A lesser novelist would have made her heroic, defying Powers and all his works in a whirl of words; but Mr. Anthony Hope knows that a real woman would be more likely to tolerate blackmail from a man for whom she had once had a *tendresse*—unless something else about him raised her anger. And here the review must end, without any account of "Chat," or Lord Lacey, or Austin, the faithful squire and secretary, into whose mouth the tale is put. There is not an ineffective character in the book, and they are all worthy of inhabiting the pages that also accommodate Jenny Driver. Anthony Hope's literary style is at its best here, and it is inimitable, which is unfortunate for the little people who try to ape him.

The men and women in "The Magnate" are live human beings, living in a world of engaging improbabilities. If you can make improbabilities happen in a natural manner on the written page you are in a fair way to becoming a successful novelist; and this is Mr. Robert Elson's happy case. We do not remember seeing his name on a publisher's list before, but we have no doubt at all that, barring accidents, we shall see it there again. The next time he writes he will, we venture to prophesy, have discarded the convention of professing a personal acquaintance with his heroine; he will let the

present tense severely alone; and he will realise that anti-climaxes are a waste of labour. Otherwise, all he has to do is to write with his present zest and freshness, and there is sure to be a public sitting ready to read him. *The Magnate* was one John Holden, who found a beautiful friend by accident on the Ilfracombe beach, and had to win her after he had wedded her. Janet Holden was very poor, and had been a nursery-governess long enough in genteel families to abhor the attentions of the other sex, and to misunderstand the nature of Holden's devotion. She married him with the proviso that there was to be no "love" asked or given; and how their history would have ended if his dangerous illness had not thrown them into each other's arms must remain a matter for conjecture. He was one of the richest men in the world, and she did not know it until she arrived in the Riviera as his bride—an event, by the way, which gives Mr. Robert Elson the chance of describing her trousseau with a feminine enjoyment. Yes, there is a relish about "*The Magnate*." It not only deserves popularity, but it is just the book to get it.

The author of "*The Climax*" has either not heard that the adjective is the enemy of the noun, or the meaning of the master's phase has escaped him. This is a pity; for "*The Climax*" is bright and promising, and Mr. Cranstoun Nevill, like Mrs. John Shand, would be very clever if he did not know how clever he is. As it is, his pen-portraits and his descriptions cry aloud to be relieved from the excess of emphasis that burdens them. Mr. Nevill is not content to let a thing describe itself: he smothers it with "preposterous" or "totally inadequate" or "incredibly" or "well-nigh incomprehensible," until one's brain reels. For example—

On nearing the completion of his toilet his nervousness increased. It proved immeasurably disastrous to a number of evening ties, and also to his by no means restricted vocabulary.

Why immeasurably? How immeasurably? His people talk in the same way—

"I hope Arthur won't be dreadfully unpunctual," said Lady Pixmere, snapping a bracelet on her wrist.

"Oh, I fled precipitately on hearing his comments concerning the elusive properties of collar-studs," laughed Eric.

And Mr. Nevill does not appear to see that what Eric wanted was not psychological affinities and freedom, but to be suppressed as a common nuisance. But while there is youth there is hope; and if the young author will try the test of the blue pencil on a copy of his first venture we think he will find the result useful to him in the future.

THE BEAUTY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

IT IS A SATISFYING REFLECTION that the fame of the noted beauties of this day will go down to posterity not as the artificially bedecked and painted heroines of old, but conspicuous and celebrated by reason of their lovely look of health, of youth, and of comeliness. This is a fact as gratifying as it is demonstrative of the great revolution which has taken place in producing this remarkable result. It is a great stride in the right direction that this has been accomplished, and it ranks with all the miraculous discoveries of the just-ended and newly beginning centuries. The woman of the future, given that she take proper care, should be peerless, having benefited by the researches made by the woman of to-day. Thus youthful, natural beauty is now within reach of all, although for years past the means of obtaining it was known by a very select few only. Having devoted the better part of her life to the study, a most gifted lady skin specialist has succeeded in perfecting the most wonderful system of beauty culture, added to which her scientific discoveries have given the means of overcoming the whole gamut of skin disorders and ailments, and their cure and correction are matters of absolute certainty and are a second nature to her. One has only to see the women of the highest society either at home or abroad, the prettiest, daintiest, and most attractive, and it is quite easy to distinguish—by their beautiful, transparent, velvety, natural, well-nourished complexions—those who do take proper care of their complexions from those who, either by reason of indolence or of ignorance, fail to adopt a system absolutely unique in its originality, and absolutely certain in its miraculous results. The "Cyclax" Company, of 58, South Molton Street, London, W., have been fortunate in being able to arrange with this lady to see their patients on certain afternoons in every week; but this must be done by appointment, it being most difficult to accommodate all, as she is always booked up for many weeks in advance. But when the general public can get by payment of no fee whatever her advice and assistance, it is little wonder that, on her reception days, her salon is crowded. One has only to see the grand complexions produced by her marvellous remedies to raise the desire of thousands of would-be patients to benefit by the results of her knowledge and skill. The company has also been able to obtain the sole concession for the whole of the civilised world to supply the general public with this lady's famous preparations. These said preparations are not mysteriously wild discoveries made in inaccessible, unknown regions of the desert or of the mountains, as so many of the ordinary productions profess to be; but they are essentially NATURE'S REMEDIES, being the result of many years of strenuous scientific research, which in the case of every patient (without exception) produce the most highly satisfactory result, as can be proved

by the numberless unsolicited encomiums received from day to day by the "Cyclax" Company. A most valuable book entitled *The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty*, which gives very comprehensive details and suggestions as to the care of the skin and the general health, has been issued by the "Cyclax" Company, and will be sent (free) to any readers who apply for same on mentioning the name of this paper. When once the "Cyclax" Remedies have been tried, the result is so swift and so exceptionally satisfactory that it is always a matter of regret to their patients that they have not earlier approached the company for their advice and assistance. By the intelligent and diligent use of the "Cyclax" preparations a complexion absolutely perfect and beautiful can be obtained. To acquire natural beauty of the skin, a perfect contour of the face, and a youthful, natural complexion there need be no doubt or delay if "Cyclax" preparations be used. By enlisting the "Cyclax" Company's aid all this can be effected promptly and permanently, and surprise and delight will be the crowning glory of the determination. The face must be dealt with as a whole, and attention must be paid equally to the skin, the hair, the eyes, the eyebrows, and the eyelashes; and all these can be made quite perfect by following the advice given by the "Cyclax" Company for the treatment of each individual case. Foremost amongst the "Cyclax" preparations are the "Cyclax" Skin Food (price 7s. 6d. or 4s.), which feeds and plumps up the skin and gives it a soft and velvety appearance; the "Cyclax" Special Lotion—this is the *clou* of the treatment—(price 10s. 6d. or 5s. 6d.), which clears the skin of all impurities, makes it white and transparent, and removes all acidity, blackheads, &c.; "Cyclax" Complexion Milk (price 7s. 6d. or 4s.), which eradicates lines and cures open pores; "Cyclax" Braceine (price 7s. 6d. or 4s.), a most powerful and excellent tonic lotion; "Cyclax" Sunburn Lotion (price 8s. 6d. or 4s. 6d.) and "Cyclax" Salusta Lotion (price 8s. 6d. or 4s. 6d.), two remarkably excellent protective and sedative applications; "Cyclax" Transforming Lotion (price 6s. 6d. or 3s. 6d.); which gives the skin a beautiful texture, and is a magnificent medicament to cure certain troubles; the "Cyclax" Face Powder (price 6s. 6d.), original, antiseptic, and practically invisible; and the "Cyclax" Soap (price 3s. 6d. per tablet), a preparation specially medicated to act in conjunction with all the other remedies. Indeed, the whole cycle of preparations vended by the company forms one comprehensive chain of remedies, each designed for use conjunctively, or they may be used separately. In every case they are absolute certainties as to obtaining the results claimed for them, and all further details about the above and the many other remedies to be procured may be immediately obtained by writing to the company at 58, South Molton Street, London, W.